THE RAPE OF LVCRECE,

A
True Roman Tragedie.

With the ſeuerall ſongs in their apt places, by Valerius the merrie Lord amongſt the Roman Peeres.

Acted by her Maieſties Seruants at the Red Bull.

The third Impreſſion.

Written by THOMAS HEYVVOOD.

LONDON,
Printed for NATHANIELL BVTTER.
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To the Reader.

IT hath beene no custome in mee of all other men (courteous Reader) to commit my plaies to the presse: the reason though some may attribute to my owne insufficiencie, I had rather subscribe in that to their seueare censure then by seeking to auoide the imputation of weakenes to incurre greater suspition of honestie: for though some haue vsed a double sale of their labours, first to the Stage, and after to the presse, For my owne part I heere proclaime my selfe euer faithfull in the first, and neuer guilty of the last: yet since some of my plaies haue (vnknowne to mee, and without any of my direction) accidentally come into the Printers hands, and therefore so corrupt and mangled, (copied only by the eare) that I haue beene as vnable to know them, as ashamd to challenge them, This therefore I was the willinger to furnish out in his natiue habit: first being by consent, next because the rest haue beene so wronged in being publisht in such sauadge and ragged ornaments: accept it courteous Gentlemen, and proone as fauorable Readers as wee haue found you gratious Auditors.

Yours T. H.

Dramatis perſonæ.

1 *Seruius* King of *Rome.*
2 *Tarquin* The prowd.
3 *Tullia.* Wife of *Tarquin Superbus.*
4 *Arnns and* } the two Sonnes of
5 *Sextus* } *Tarquin.*
6 *Brutus Iunior.*
7 *Colatinus.*
8 *Horatius Cocles.*
9 *Mutius ſcenola.*
10 *Lucretius*
11 *Porſenna* King of the *Tuſcans.*
12 *Porſennaes* Secretarie.
13 *Pub. Valerius.*
14 The Prieſt of *Apolla.*
16. 2. *Centinels.*
17 *Lucretia* rauiſht by *Sextus.*
18 *Myrabile.* *Lucretius* Maide.
19 The Clowne.

THE

THE
Rape of Lucrece.

SENATE.

Enter Tarquin Superbus, Sextus Tarquinius, Tullia, Arnus, Lucretius, Valerius, Poplicola, and Senators before them.

Tul. Ithdraw! we muſt haue priuate confe-
With our deere husband. (rence
Tar. What wouldſt thou wife?
Tul. Bee what I am not, make thee greater
Then thou canſt aime to be. (farre
Tar. Why, I am *Tarquin.*
Tul. And I *Tullia*, what of that?
What *Diapaſons* more in *Tarquins* name,
Then in a Subiects? oh what's *Tullia*
More in the ſound, then to become the name
Of a poore Maide or waiting gentlewomen?
I am a Princeſſe both by birth and thoughts,
Yet al's but *Tullia*, there's no reſonnance
In a bare ſtile: my title beares no breadth,
Nor hath it any ſtate: oh me, im'e ſicke!
Tar. Sicke Lady?
Tul. Sicke at heart.
Tar. Why my ſweet *Tullia*?
Tul. To be a Queene I long, long, and am ſicke
With ardence, my hot appetite's a fire,
Till my ſwollen feuer be deliuered
Of that great title Queene, my heart's all royall,
Not to be circumſcribed in ſeruill bounds,
While there's a King that rules the Peires of *Rome*,
Tarquin makes legs, and *Tullia* curteſies low,
Bowes at each nod, and muſt not neere the ſtate
Without obeiſance, oh! I hate this awe, my prowd heart
cannot brooke it.

Tar. Heare me wife.

Tul. I am no wife of *Tarquins* if not King:
Oh had God made me man, I would haue mounted
Aboue the baſe tribunals of the earth,
Vp to the clowdes, for pompous ſoueraignty.
Thou art a man, oh beare my royall mind,
Mount heauen, and ſee if *Tullia* lag behind,
There is no earth in me, I am all fire,
Were *Tarquin* ſo, then ſhould we both aſpire.

Tar. Oh *Tullia*, though my body taſte of dulneſſe,
My ſoule is wingd: loe I ſoare as hie as thine,
But note what flags our wings! fortie fiue yeares
The King thy father hath protected *Rome*.

Tul. That makes for vs: the people change,
Euen the beſt things in time grow teadious.

Tar. T'would ſeeme vnnaturall in thee my *Tullia*,
The reuerend King, thy Father to depoſe:

Tul. A kingdomes queſt, makes Sons and Fathers foes.

Tar. And but by *Seruius* fall we cannot climbe,
The balme that muſt annoint vs is his blood.

Tul. Lets laue our browes then in that crimſon flood,
We muſt be bold and dreadleſſe: who aſpires,
Mounts by the liues of Fathers, Sonnes, and Sires.

Tar. And ſo muſt I, ſince for a kingdomes loue,
Thou canſt deſpiſe a Father for a Crowne:
Tarquin ſhall mount, *Seruius* be tumbled downe
For he vſurpes my ſtate, and firſt depoſd
My Father in my ſwathed infancie,
For which he ſhall be countrant to his end.
I haue ſounded all the Peires and Senators,
And though vnknowne to thee my *Tullia*,
They all imbrace my faction, and ſo they
Loue change of ſtate, and new King to obey.

Tul. Now is my *Tarquin*, worthy *Tullias* grace,
Since in my armes, I thus a king embrace.

Tar. The King ſhould meete this day in Parliament,
With all the Senates and Eſtates of *Rome*;
His place will I aſſume, and there proclaime,

All

All our decrees in Royall *Tarquins* name. *Floriſh.*

Enter Sextus, Arnus, Lucretius, Valerius, Collatine and Senators.

Luc. May it pleaſe thee noble *Tarquin* to attend
The King this day in the high Capitoll?

Tul. Attend?

Tar. We intend this day to ſee the Capitoll.
You knew our father good *Lucretius*;

Lucr. I did my Lord.

Tar. Was not I his Sonne?
The Queene my mother was of royall thoughts
and heart pure, as vnblemiſht Innocence.

Luc. Why askes my Lord?

Tar. Sonnes ſhould ſucceed their fathers, but anon
You ſhall heare more, high time that we were gone. *Floriſh.*

Exeunt: manet Colatine, and Valerius.

Col. Ther's morall ſure in this, *Valerius*.
Heeres modell, yea, and matter too to breed
Strange Meditations in the prouident braines
Of our graue Fathers: ſome ſtrange proiect liues
This day in Cradle thats but newly borne.

Vale. No doubt *Colatine* no doubt heres a giddie & drunken world, it Reeles, it hath got the ſtaggers, the commonwealth is ſicke of an ague, of which nothing can cure her but ſome violent and ſodaine affrightment.

Colla. The wife of *Tarquin* would be a Queene, nay of my life ſhe is with child till ſhe be ſo.

Vale. And longs to be brought to bed of a kingdome, I diuine we ſhall ſee ſome ſcuffling to day in the Capitoll.

Col. If there bee any difference among the Princes and Senate, whoſe faction will *Valerius* follow?

Vale. Oh *Collatine!* I am a true Citizen, and in this I will beſt ſhew my ſelfe to be one, to take part with the ſtrongeſt. If *Servius* one come, I am Liegeman to *Servius*, & if *Tarquin* ſubdue, I am for *Vive Tarquinius*.

Col. Valerius, no more, this talke does but keepe vs from the ſight of this ſolemnitie: by this the Princes are entring the Capitoll: come, we muſt attend. *Exeunt. Senat.*

SENATE.

Tarquin, Tullia, Sextus, Arnus, Lucretius one way, Brutus meeting them the other way very humorously.

Tar. This place is not for fooles, this parliament
assembles not the straines of Ideotisme,
Only the graue and wisest of the Land:
Important are th'affaires we haue in hand.
Hence with that mome.

Luc. *Brutus* forbeare the presence.

Bru. Forbeare the presence! why pra'y?

Sex. None are admitted to this graue concourse
But wise men: nay good *Brutus*.

Brut. Youl'e haue an emptie Parliament then.

Arn. Here is no roome for fooles.

Bru. Then what makst thou here, or he, or he? oh *Iupiter!* if this command be kept strictly, wee shall haue emptie benches: get you home you that are heere, for here will be nothing to do this day: a generall concourse of wise men, t'was neuer seene since the first Chaos. *Tarquin*, if the generall rule haue no exceptions, thou wilt haue an emptie consistory.

Tullia. *Brutus* you trouble vs.

Bru. How powerfull am I you Roman deities, that am able to trouble her that troubles a whole Empire? fooles exempted, and women admitted! laugh *Democritus*, but haue you nothing to say to Mad-men?

Tar. Mad-men haue here no place.

Bru. Then out a dores with *Tarquin*: what's he that may sit in a calme valley, and will choose to repose in a tempestious mountaine, but a mad-man? that may liue in tranquilous pleasures, and will seeke out a Kingdomes-cares, but a mad-man? who would seeke innouation in a common-wealth in publicke, or be ouer-ruld by a curst wife in priuate, but a foole or a mad-man? giue me thy hand *Tarquin*, shall we two be dismist together from the Capitoll?

Tar. Restraine his follie.

Tul. Driue the frantique hence.

Arn. Nay *Brutus*.

Sex. Good

Sext. Good *Brutus.*

Bru. Nay ſoft, ſoft good blood of the *Tarquins*, lets haue a few cold words firſt, and I am gone in an inſtant, I claime the priuiledge of the Nobility of *Roome*, and by that priuiledge my ſeat in the Capitol. I am a Lord by birth, my place is as free in the Capitol as *Horatius*, thine, or thine *Lucretius*, thine *Sextus*, *Arnus* thine, or any heere: I am a Lord and you baniſh all the Lords from the preſence, youle haue few to wait vpon the King, but Gentlemen: nay, I am eaſily perſwaded then, hands off, ſince you will not haue my company, you ſhall haue my roome.

My roome indeed, for what I ſeeme to bee,
Brutus is not, but borne great *Roome* to free.
The ſtate is full of dropſie, and ſwollen bigge
With windie vapors, which my ſword muſt pierce,
To purge th'infected blood, bred by the pride
Of theſe infeſted bloods: nay now I goe,
Behold I vaniſh ſince tis *Tarquins* mind,
One ſmall foole goes, but great fooles leaues behind. *Exit.*

Lucre. Tis pittie one ſo generouſly deriu'd,
Should be depriu'd his beſt induements thus,
And want the true directions of the Soule.

Tar. To leaue theſe delatorie trifles, Lordes
Now to the publique buſineſſe of the Land.
Lords take your ſeuerall places.

Luc. Not great *Tarquin*, before the King aſſume his regal (throane,
Whoſe comming we attend.

Tulli. Hee's come alredy.

Luc. The King?

Tar. The King.

Col. Seruius?

Tar. Tarquinius.

Lucre. Seruius is King.

Tar. He was by power deuine,
The Throane that long ſince he vſurpt is mine,
Heere we enthroane our ſelues Cathedrall ſtate
Long ſince detaind vs, iuſtly vs reſume,
Then let out friends and ſuch as loue vs crie,
Liue *Tarquin* and enioy this Soueraigntie.

Omnes.

Omnes. Liue *Tarquin* and inioy this Soveraignty. *Floriſh.*

Enter Valerius.

Vale. The King himſelfe with ſuch confederate Peeres
As ſtoutly embrace his faction, being informd
Of *Tarquins* Vſurpation, armed comes,
Neere to the entrance of the Capitoll.

Tarq. No man giue place, he that dares to ariſe
And doe him reverence, we his loue deſpiſe.

Enter Seruius, Horatius, Scevola, Souldiers.

Ser. Traytor.

Tar. Vſurper.

Ser. Deſcend.

Tullia. Sit ſtill.

Ser. In *Seruius* name, *Romes* great imperiall Monarch,
I charge thee *Tarquin* diſinthroane thy ſelfe,
and throw thee at our feet, proſtrate for mercy.

Hor. Spoke like a King.

Tar. In *Tarquins* name, now Romes imperiall Monarch,
Wee charge thee *Seruius* make free reſignation,
Of that arche-wreath thou haſt vſurpt ſo long.

Tul. Words worth an Empire.

Hor. Shall this be brookt my Soveraigne?
Diſmount the Traitor.

Sex. Touch him he that dares.

Hor Dares!

Tul. Dares,

Ser. Strumpet, no child of mine.

Tul. Dotard, and not my father.

Ser. Kneele to thy King?

Tul. Submit thou to thy Queen.

Ser. Inſufferable treaſon! with bright ſteele,
Lop downe theſe interponents that withſtand
The paſſage to our throane.

Hor. That *Cocles* dares.

Sex. We with our ſteele guard *Tarquin* and his chaire,

Sce. A *Seruius*.

Arn. A *Tarquin*.

Tar. Now are we king indeede, our awe is builded

Vpon

Vpon this Royall baſe, and ſlaughtered body
Of a dead King: we by his ruine riſe
To a Monarchall Throane.
Tul. We haue our longing.
My fathers death giues me a ſecond life,
Much better then the firſt, my birth was ſeruile,
But this new breath of raigne is large and free,
Welcome my ſecond life of Soveraignty.
Luc. I haue a Daughter, but I hope of mettle,
Subiect to better temperature: ſhould my *Lucrece*
Be of this pride, theſe hands ſhould ſacrifice
Her blood vnto the Gods that dwell below,
The abortiue brat ſhould not out-liue my ſpleene,
But *Lucrece* is my Daughter, this my Queene.
Tul. Teare off the Crowne, that yet empales the temples
Of our vſurping Father: quickly Lords,
And in the face of his yet bleeding wounds,
Let vs receiue our honours.
Tar. The ſame breath
Giues our ſtate life, that was the Vſurpers death.
Tul. Here then by heavens hand we inveſt our ſelues:
Muſique, whoſe loftieſt tunes grace Princes crownd,
Vnto our noble Coronation ſound. *Floriſh.*

Enter Valerius with Horatius and Scevola.

Tarq. Whom doth *Valerius* to our ſtate preſent?
Val. Two valiant Romans, this *Horatius Cocles*,
This Gentleman cald *Mutius Scevola*,
Who whilſt King *Servius* wore the Diadem,
Vpheld his ſway and Prince-dome by their loues,
But he being falne, ſince all the Peeres of *Roome*
Applaud King *Tarquin* in his Soveraignty,
They with like ſuffrage greet your Coronation.
Hor. This hand aſide vnto the Roman Crowne,
Whom never feare deiected, or caſt low,
Laies his victorious ſword at *Tarquins* feet,
And proſtrates with his ſword alleigance.

King *Seruius* life we lou'd, but heexpir'd,
Great *Tarquins* life is in our hearts delir'd.
Ser. Who whilſt he rules with iuſtice and integrity
Shall with our dreadles hands our hearts command,
Even with the beſt imploiments of our liues,
Since Fortune lifts thee we ſubmit to Fate,
Our ſelues are vaſſals to the Roman ſtate.
Tarq. Your roomes were emptie in our traine of friends,
Which we reioyce to ſee ſo well ſupplide:
Receiue our grace, liue in our clement favours,
In whoſe ſubmiſſion our young glory growes
To his ripe height: fall in our friendly traine,
And ſtrengthen with your loues our jnfant Raigne.
Hor. We liue for *Tarquin*.
Ser. And to thee alone, whilſt juſtice keepes thy ſword
and thou thy Throane.
Tar. Then are you ours, and now conduct vs ſtraight,
In triumph through the populous ſtreets of *Roome*,
To the Kings Pallace our Maieſticke ſeat,
Your hearts though freely proffred, we intreat.
Semat. as they march, Tullia *treads on her Father and ſtaies.*
Tullia. What blocke is that we tread on?
Luc. Tis the bodie
Of your deceaſed Father Madam, Queene
Your ſhoe is crimſond with his vitall blood.
Tul. No matter, let his mangeld body lie,
And with his baſe confederates ſtrew the ſtreets,
That in diſgrace of his vſurped pride,
We ore his truncke may in our Chariot ride:
For mounted like a Queene, t'would doe me good
To waſh my Coach-naues in my Fathers blood.
Luc. Heeres a good Child.
Tar. Remoue it we command, and beare his carcaſſe to
Where after this deiection, let it haue (the funerall pile,
His ſolemne and due obſequies: faire *Tullia*,
Thy hate to him growes from thy loue to vs,
Thou ſhewſt thy ſelfe in this vnnaturall ſtrife
An vnkind Daughter, but a loving wife.

But on vnto our Palace this bleſt day,
A Kings encreaſe growes by a Kings decay.

Brutus alone.

Brutus. Murder the King! a high and Capitoll treaſon,
Thoſe Giants that wag'd war againſt the Gods,
For which ore-whelmed Mountaines hurld by *Ioue*
To ſcatter them, and giue them timeles graues,
Was not more cruell then this butcherie,
This ſlaughter made by *Tarquin*, but the Queene,
A woman, fie, fie: did not this ſhee-paracide
Adde to her Fathers wounds? and when his body
Lay all beſmeard and ſtaind in the blood royall,
Did not this Monſter, this infernall hagge,
Make her vnwilling Chariotter driue on,
And with his ſhod wheeles cruſh her Fathers bones,
Breake his craz'd ſcull, and daſh his ſparckled braines
Vpon the pauements, whilſt ſhe held the raines?
The affrighted Sun at this abhorred obiect,
Put on a maske of bloud, and yet ſhe bluſht not.
Ioue art thou juſt, haſt thou reward for pietie?
And for offence no vengeance? or canſt puniſh
Fellons, and pardon Traitors, chaſtiſe Murderers,
And winke at Paracides? if thou be worthy
As well we know thou art, to fill the Throane
Of all eternitie, then with that hand
That flings the Triſulke thunder, let the pride
Of theſe our irreligious monarkiſers
Be Crown'd in blood: this makes poore *Brutus* mad,
To ſee ſin frolique, and the vertuous ſad.

Enter Sextus *and* Arnus.

Arn. Soft, heeres *Brutus*, leave acquaint him with the newes.

Sex. Content: now Couſen *Brutus*.

Bru. Who I your kinſman? though I be of the blood of the *Tarquins*, yet no couſen gentle Prince.

Arn. And why so *Brutus*, Scorne you our alliance?

Bru. No, I was couſen to the Tarquins, when they were ſubiects, but dare claime no kindred as they are ſoveraigns: *Brutus* is not ſo mad though he be merry, but he hath wit enough to keepe his head on his ſhoulders.

Arn. Why do you my Lords thus looſe your houres, and neither profeſſe war nor domeſticke profit? the firſt might beget you loue, the other riches.

Bru. Becauſe I would liue, haue I not anſwered you becauſe I would liue? fooles and mad-men are no rubs in the way of Vſurpers, the firmament can brooke but one Sun, & for my part I muſt not ſhine: I had rather liue an obſcure blacke, then appeare a faire white to be ſhot at, the end of all is, I would liue: had *Seruius* been a ſhrub, the wind had not ſhooke him, or a mad-man, he had not periſht: I covet no more wit nor imployment then as much as will keep life and ſoule together, I would but liue.

Arn. You are ſatyricall couſen *Brutus*, but to the purpoſe: the king dreampt a ſtrange ominous dreame laſt night, and to be reſolu'd of the event, my brother *Sextus* and I muſt to the Oracle.

Sex. And becauſe wee would be well accompanied, wee haue got leaue of the king that you *Brutus* ſhall aſſociate vs, for our purpoſe is to make a merry iourney on't.

Bru. So youle carry me along with you to be your foole, and make you merrie.

Sext. Not our foole, but——

Bru. To make you merry: I ſhall, nay, I will make you merrie, or tickle you till you laugh, the Oracle! ile go to be reſolu'd of ſome doubts private to my ſelfe: nay Princes, I am ſo much indeer'd both to your loues and companies, that you ſhall not haue the power to bee rid of mee, what limits haue we for our iourney?

Sext. Fiue daies: no more.

Bru. I ſhall fit mee to your preparations, but one thing more, goes *Collatine* along?

Sext.

Sext. *Collatine* is troubled with the common diſeaſe of all new married men, hee's ſicke of the wife, his excuſe is forſooth that *Lucrece* will not let him goe, but you hauing neither wife nor wit to hould you, I hope will not diſapoint vs.

Bru. Had I both, yet ſhould you prevaile with me aboue either.

Arn. We ſhall expect you.

Bru. *Horatius Cocles*, and *Mutius Scevola* are not engadge in this expedition.

Arn. No, they attend the King, farwell.

Bru. *Lucretius* ſtaies at home to, and *Valerius*.

Sext. The Pallace cannot ſpare them.

Bru. None but we three?

Sex. We three.

Bru. We three, well fiue daies hence.

Sex. You haue the time, farwell.

Exeunt, Sextus and Arnus.

Bru. The time I hope cannot be ſubcribde
Within ſo ſhort a limit, *Rome* and I
Are not ſo happy; what's the reaſon then
Heaven ſpares his rod ſo long? *Mercurie* tell me!
I haue't, the fruit of pride is yet but greene,
Not mellow, though it growes apace, it comes not
To his full height: *Ioue* oft delayes his vengance,
That when it haps t'may prooue more terrible.
Diſpaire not *Brutus* then, but let thy countrey
And thee take this laſt comfort after all,
Pride when thy fruit is ripe't muſt rot and fall.
But to the Oracle.

Enter Horatius Cocles, Mutius Scevola.

Hor. I would I were no Roman.

Sce. *Cocles* why?

Hor. I am diſcontented & dare not ſpeake my thoughts

Sce. What, ſhall I ſpeake them for you?

Hor. *Mutius* doe.

Sce. Then

Scevo. *Tarquin* is proud.
Hora. Thou haſt them.
Scevo. Tyrannous.
Hor. True.
Sce. Inſufferable loſtie.
Hor. Thou haſt hit me.

Scevo. And ſhall I tell thee what I propheſie
Of his ſucceeding rule?
Ho. No, Ile doo't for thee, *Tarquins* abilitie will in the weale,
Beget a weake vnable impotence:
His ſtrength, make *Rome* and our Dominions weake,
His ſoaring high, make vs to flag our wings,
And flie colſe by the earth: his golden feathers
Are of ſuch vaſtnes, that they ſpread like ſayles,
And ſo becalme vs, that we haue not aire (Elements.
Able to raiſe our plumes, to taſt the pleaſures of our owne
Scevo. We are one heart, our thought and our deſires are ſutable.
Hora. Since he was King he beares him like a God,
His wife like *Pallas*, or the wife of *Ione*,
Will not be ſpoke to without ſacrifice,
And homage ſole due to the Deities.

Enter Lucretius.

Scevo. What haſt with good *Lucretius?*
Lucre. Haſt, but ſmall ſpeed,
I had an earneſt ſuite vnto the King,
About ſome buſineſſe that concernes the weale
Of *Roome* and vs, twil not beliſtned too,
He has tooke vpon him ſuch ambitious ſtate,
That he abandons conference with his Peeres,
Or if he chance to heare our tongues ſo much,
As but to heare their ſonance, he deſpiſes
The intent of all our ſpeeches, our adviſes,
And counſell: thinking his owne judgement only
To be approved in matters militarie,
And in affaires domeſticke, we are but mutes,
And fellowes of no parts, viols vnſtrung,
Our notes too harſh to ſtrike in Princes eares,
Great *Ione* amend it.

Hora.

Hora. Whither will you my Lord?
Luc. No matter where if frō the Court, Ile home to *Collatine*
And to my daughter *Lucrece*: home breeds safety,
Dangers begot in Court, a life retir'd
Must please me now perforce: then noble *Scenola*,
And you my deere *Horatius*, farewell both,
Where industrie is scornd lets welcome sloth. *Enter Collatine*
Hora. Nay good *Lucretius* do not leaue vs thus,
See heere comes *Collatine*, but wheres *Valerius*?
How does he tast these times?
Col. Not giddily like *Brutus*, passionately (like
Like old *Lucretius* with his teare swolne eies, Not laughing
Nor bluntly like *Horatius Cocles* here. (*Mutius Scenola.*
He has vsurpt a stranger garbe of humour,
Distinct from these in nature every way.
Luc. How is he relisht can his eies forbeare?
In this strange state to shead a passionate teare.
Sce. Can he forbeare to laugh with *Scenola*,
At that which passionate weeping cannot mend?
Hora. Nay can his thought shape ought but melancholy
To see these dangerous passages of state,
How is he tempered noble *Collatine*?
Colla. Strangely, he is all song, hee's ditty all,
Note that, *Valerius* hath giuen vp the Court
And weand himselfe from the kings consistory
In which his sweet harmonious tongue grew harsh,
Whether it be that he is discontent,
Yet would not so appeare before the King,
Or whether in applause of these new Edicts,
Which so distast the people, or what cause
I know not; but now hee's all musicall.
Vnto the counsell chamber he goes singing,
And whilest the King his wilfull edicts makes,
In which nones tongue is powerfull saue the kings,
Hee's in a corner relishing strange aires.
Conclusiuely he's from a toward hopefull gentleman
Transeshapt to a meere balleter, none knowing
Whence should proceed this transmutation. *Enter Valerius*

Hor. See where he comes. Morrow *Valerius.*
Lucre. Morrow my Lord.

The first Song.

Vale. *When* Tarquin *first in Court began,*
And was approued King:
Some men for ſo daine ioy gan weepe,
But I for ſorrow ſing.

Sce. Ha, ha, how long has my *Valerius,*
Put on this ſtraine of mirth, or what's the cauſe?

The ſecond Song.

Vale. *Let humor change and ſpare not,*
Since Tarquin's prowd, *I care not,*
His faire words ſo bewitch my delight,
That I dote on his ſight.
Now he is changd, cruell thoughts embracing,
And my deſerts diſgracing.

Hor. Vpon my life he's either mad or loue-ſicke,
Oh can *Valerius*, but ſo late a ſtates-man,
Of whom the publique weale deſeru'd ſo well,
Tune out his age in ſongs and Canſoners.
Whoſe voice ſhould thunder counſell in the eares
Of *Tarquin* and proud *Tullia*? thinke *Valerius*
What that proud woman *Tullia* is, twil put thee
Quite out of tune.

The third Song.

Vale. *Now what is loue I will thee tell,*
It is the fountaine and the well,
Where pleaſure and repentance dwell,
It is perhaps the ſanſing bell,
That rings all in to heauen or hell:
And this is loue, and this is loue, as I heere tell.
Now what is loue I will you ſhow,
A thing that creepes and cannot goe:
A prize that paſſeth too and fro,
A thing for me, and a thing for moe,
And he that proues ſhall find it ſo,
And this is loue, and this is loue, ſweet friend I tro.

Lucre.

Lucre. *Valerius* I shall quickly change thy cheere,
And make thy passionate eies lament with mine,
Thinke how that worthy Prince our kinsman King
Was butchered in the Marble Capitoll.
Shall *Servius Tullius* vnregarded die
Alone of thee, whom all the Romaine Ladies,
Even yet with teare-swollen eies, and sorrowfull soules,
Compassionate, as well be merited;
To these lamenting dames what canst thou sing?
Whose griefe through all the Romaine Temples ring.

The fourth Song.

Va. *Lament Ladies lament,*
Lament the Roman land,
The King is frae thee hent,
Was doughtie on his hand,
Weele gang into the Kirke,
His dead corps weele embrace,
And when we see ha dean,
We ay will cry alas. Fa la la lero la.
Ta ra ra ra roume ta re &c.

Hora. This musicke mads me, I all mirth dispise,
Luc. To heare him sing drawes rivers from mine eies.
Scevo. It pleaseth me for since the court is harsh,
And lookes askance on souldiers, lets be merry,
Court Ladies, sing, drinke, dance, and every man
Get him a mistris, coach it in the Countrey,
And tast the sweetes of it: what thinks *Valerius*
Of *Scevolaes* last counsell?

The fift Song.

Va. *Why since we souldiers cannot prove,*
And griefe it is to vs therefore,
Let every man get him a loue,
To trim her well, and fight no more.
That we may tast of lovers blisse,
Be merry and blith, imbrace and kisse,
That Ladies may say, some more of this,
That Ladies may say, some more of this.

Since Court & Cittie both grow proud,
And ſafety you delight to heare,
Wee in the Country will vs ſhroud,
Where liues to pleaſe both eye and eare:
The Nightingale ſings Iug, Iug, Iug,
The little Lambe leaps after his dug,
And the prety milk-maids they looke ſo ſmug,
And the prety milke-maids. &c.

Come *Scenola*, ſhall we goe and be idle?

Luc. Ile in to weep.

Hora. But I my gall to grate.

Sceuo. Ile laugh at time, till it will change our Fate.

Exeunt they. *Manet Collatine.*

Colla. Thou art not what thou ſeem'ſt, Lord *Scenola*,
Thy heart mournes in thee, though thy viſage ſmile,
And ſo doe's thy ſoule weepe, *Valerius*,
Although thy habit ſing, for theſe new humors
Are but put on for ſafety, and to arme them
Againſt the pride of *Tarquin*, from whoſe danger,
None great in loue, in counſell, or opinion,
Can be kept ſafe: this makes me looſe my howres
At home with *Lucrece*, and abandon court.

Enter Clowne.

Clow. Fortune I embrace thee, that thou haſt aſſiſted me in finding my maiſter, the Gods of good Roome keepe my Lord & maiſter out of all bad company.

Colla. Sirra the newes with you.

Clow. Would you ha Court newes, Camps newes, City newes, or Country newes, or would you know whats the newes at home?

Col. Let me know all the newes.

Clow. The newes at Court is, that a ſmall legge & a ſilke ſtocking is in the faſhiō for your Lord: And the water that God *Mercury* makes is in requeſt with your Ladie. The heavines of the kings wine makes many a light head, & the emptines of his diſhes many full bellies, eating and drinking was never

never more in vſe: you ſhall find the baddeſt legs in bootes, & the worſt faces in masks. They keep their old ſtomackes ſtill, the kings good Cooke had the moſt wrong: for that which was wont to bee priuate only to him, is now vſurpt among all the other officers: for now euery man in his place to the preiudice of the maiſter Cooke makes bold to licke (his owne fingers.

Col. The newes in the campe.

Clow. The greateſt newes in the campe is, that there is no newes at all, for being no campe at all, how can there be any tidings from it?

Col. Then for the city.

Clo. The Senators are ritch, their wiues faire, credit grows cheap, & trafficke deare, for you ha many that are broke, the pooreſt man that is, may take vp what he will, ſo he will be but boūd to a poſt till he pay the debt: There was one courtier lay with twelue mens wiues in the ſuburbs, and preſſing further to make one more cuckold within the walles, and being taken with manner, had nothing to ſay for himſelfe, but this, he that made twelue made thirteene.

Col. Now ſir for the countrey.

Clo. There is no newes there but at the Ale-houſe, ther's the moſt receit, & it is not ſtrange my Lord, that ſo many men loue ale that know not what ale is.

Col. Why, what is ale?

Clo. Why, ale is a kind of iuice made of the precious grain called Malt, & what is Malt? Malt's M, A, L, T, & what is M, A, L, T? M much, A ale, L little, T thrift, that is much ale, little thrift.

Colla. Onely the newes at home, and I haue done.

Clo. My Lady muſt needes ſpeake with you about earneſt buſines, that conſernes her neerely, and I was ſent in all haſt to entreat your Lordſhip to come away.

Col. And couldeſt thou not haue told me *Lucrece* ſtay, And I ſtand trifling here, follow away.

Clo. I mary ſir, the way into her were a way worth following, and thats the reaſon that ſo many ſeruing-men that are familiar with their miſtreſſes, haue loſt the name of Seruitors,

and are now called their maisters followers. Rest you merry. *Sound musique.*

Apolloes Priests with Tapers, after them, Arnus, Sextus, *and* Brutus, *with their oblations, all kneeling before the Oracle.*

Priest. O thou God inspire
The Priests, and with celestiall fire
Shot from thy beames crown our desire,
that we follow.
In these thy true and hallowed measures,
The vtmost of thy heavenly treasures,
According to the thoughts & pleasures
Of great *Apollo.*
Our hearts with inflamations burne,
Great *Tarquin* and his people mourne,
Till from thy Temple we returne
With some glad tyding.
Then tell vs, shall great *Roome* be blest,
And royall *Tarquin* liue in rest,
That giues his high enobled breast
To thy safe guyding?

Oracle. Then *Roome* her ancient honors wins
When she is purg'd from *Tullius* sins.

Bru. Gramercies *Phœbus* for these spels,
Phœbus alone, alone excels.
Sex. Tullia perhaps sind in our grandsires death,
And hath not yet by reconcilement made
Attone with *Phœbus*, at whose shrine we kneele:
Yet gentle Priest, let vs thus farre prevaile,
To know if *Tarquins* seed shall governe *Roome*,
And by succession claime the royall wreath?
Behold me younger of the *Tarquins* race:
This elder *Arnus*, both the sons of *Tullia.*
This *Iunius Brutus* though a mad-man, yet
Of the high blood of the *Tarquins.* (bright
Priest. Sextus peace: tell vs O thou that shinst so
From whom the world receiues his light,
Whose absence is perpetuall night,
Whose praises ring.

It

It is with heavens applause decreed,
When *Tarquins* Soule from earth is freed,
That noble *Sextus* shall succeed
In *Roome* as King.

Bru. I *Oracle*, hast thou lost thy tongue?

Arn. Tempt him againe faire Priest.

Sex. If not as king, let Delphian *Phœbus* yet
Thus much resolue vs, who shall govern *Rome*,
Or of vs three beare greatest preheminence?

Priest. Sextus I will, yet sacred *Phebus* we entreat,
Which of these three shall be great
With largest power and state repleat
By the heavens doome?
Phœbus thy thoughts no longer smother.

Oracle. He that first shall kisse his mother
Shall be powerfull, and no other
Of you three in *Roome*.

Sext. Shall kisse his mother! *Brutus falls.*

Brutus. Mother Earth, to thee an humble kisse I tender.

Arnus. What meanes *Brutus*?

Bru. The blood of the slaughtered sacrifice made this flore as slippery as the place where *Tarquin* treads, tis glassie & as smooth as yce: I was prowd to heare the Oracle so gracious to the blood of the *Tarquins*, and so I fell.

Sext. Nothing but so, then to the Oracle.
I charge thee *Arnus*, *Iunius Brutus* thee,
To keepe the sacred doome of the Oracle
From all our traine, least when the yonger lad
Our brother now at home sits dandled
Vpon faire *Tullius* lap, this vnderstanding
May kisse our beauteous mother, and succeed.

Arn. Let the charge goe round,
It shall goe hard but ile prevent you *Sextus*,

Sex. I feare not the madman *Brutus*, & for *Arnus* let mee alone to buckle with him, I'le be the first at my mothers lips for a kingdome.

Bru. If the madman haue not been before you *Sextus*, if Oracles be Oracles, their phrases are mistical, they speak still

in

clouds: ha I he meant a naturall mother he would ha spoke it by circumstance.

Sex. Tullia, if ever thy lips were pleasing to me, let it bee at my returne from the Oracle.

Aruns. If a kisse will make me a King. *Tullia* I will spring to thee, though through the blood of *Sextus*.

Brut. Earth I acknowledge no mother but thee, accept me as thy Son, and I shall shine as bright in *Roome* as *Apollo* himselfe in his temple at *Delphos*.

Sext. Our Superstitions ended, sacred Priest,
Since we haue had free answere from the Gods,
To whose faire altars we haue done due right,
And hallowed them with presents acceptable,
Lets now returne, treading these holy measures,
With which we entred great *Apolloes* Temple.
Now *Phœbus* let thy sweet tun'd organs sound,
Whose sphere like musicke must direct our feet
Vpon the marble pauement: after this
Weele gaine a kingdome by a mothers kisse. *Exeunt.*

Semat.

A table and chaires prepared: Tarquin, Tullia, *and* Collatine, Sceuola, Horatius, Lucretius, Valerius, *Lords.*

Tarquin. Attend vs with your persons, but your eares
Be deafe vnto our counsells. *The Lords fall off on either side and attend.*

Tul. Further yet.

Tarq. Now *Tullia* what must be concluded next?

Tullia. The kingdome you haue got by pollicy
You must maintaine by pride.

Tarquin. Good.

Tullia. Those that were late of the Kings faction
cut off for feare they proouе rebellious.

Tarquin. Bettter.

Tullia. Since you gaine nothing by the popular loue,
Maintaine by feare your Princedome.

Tar. Excellent, thou art our Oracle, & saue from thee
We will admit no counsell, we obtaind
Our state by cunning, and it must be kept by strength.
And such as cannot loue, weele teach to feare,

To

To encourage which vpon a better judgement,
And to ſtrike greater terror to the world,
I haforbid thy fathers funerall.
Tul. No matter.
Tar. All capitall cauſes are by vs diſcuſt,
Traverſt, and ezecuted without counſell.
We chalenge too by our prerogatiue,
The goods of ſuch as ſtriue againſt our ſtate,
The freeſt Citizens without attaint,
Arraigne, or judgement we to exile doome,
The poorer are our drudges, rich our prey,
And ſuch as dare not ſtriue our rule obey.
Tul. Kings are as Gods, and divine Scepters beare,
The Gods commaund for mortall tribute feare.
But Royall Lord, wee that deſpiſe their loue,
Muſt ſeeke ſome meanes how to maintaine this awe.
Tarq. By forraigne leagues, and by our ſtrength abroad.
Shall we that are degreed aboue our people,
Whom heaven hath made our vaſſals, raigne with them?
No kings aboue the reſt tribunald hie,
Should with no meaner then with kings allie:
For this we to *Mamilius Tuſculan*
The Latin King ha given in mariage
Our Royall Daughter: now his people's ours,
The neighbour Princes are ſubdude by armes:
And whom we could not conquer by conſtraint,
Them ha we ſought to win by curteſie,
Kings that are proud, yet would ſecure their owne,
By loue abroad, ſhall purchaſe feare at home.
Tul. We are ſecure, then yet our greateſt ſtrēgth
Is in our Children, how dare treaſon looke
Vs in the face, having iſſue? barren Princes
Breede danger in their ſingularitie, (them:
Having nothing to ſucceed, their claime dies in
But when in topping on three *Tarquins* more,
Like *Hidraes* heads grow to revenge his death,
It terrifies blacke treaſon.
Tar. *Tullia's* wiſe, & apprehenſiue were our Princely ſons

Sextus and *Arnus* backe returned safe,
With an applausiue answere of the Gods
From th'*Oracle*, our state were able then
Being Gods our selues, to scorne the hate of men.

Enter Sextus, Arnus, and Brutus.

Sex. Where's *Tullia?*

Arn. Where's our Mother?

Hor. Yonder Princes at Counsell with the king.

Tul. Our sons return'd.

Sex. Royall Mother.

Arn. Renowned Queene.

Sex. I loue her best, therefore will *Sextus* do his duty first.

Arn. Being eldest in my birth, ile not be youngest
In zeale to *Tullia.*

Brut. Too't Lads.

Arnus. Mother a kisse.

Sex. Though last in birth, let me be first in loue.
A kisse faire mother.

Arn. Shall I loose my right?

Sext. *Arnus* shall downe, were *Arnus* twice my Brother,
If he presume fore me to kisse my mother.

Arn. I *Sextus*, think this kisse to be a Crowne, thus would (we tug for't.

Sex. *Arnus* thou must downe.

Tarq. Restraine them Lords.

Bru. Nay, too't boyes, O tis braue, they tug for shadows,
I the substance haue.

Arn. Through armed gates, & thousand swords ile breake,
To shew my duetie, let my valor speake.

Breakes from the Lords, and kisses her.

Sex. Oh heauens I ye haue dissolu'd me.

Arn. Here I stand, what I ha don to answere with this hand.

Sex. Oh all ye Delphian Gods looke downe and see,
How for these wrongs I will reuenged be.

Tar. Curb in the prowd boyes fury, let vs know
From whence this discord riseth.

Tullia. From our loue, how happy are we in our issue now
When as our sons, euen with their blouds contend,
To exceed in duty, we accept your zeale.

This

This your ſuperlatiue degree of kindnes
So much prevailes with vs, that to the king
We engage our owne deere loue twixt his incenſement
And your preſumption, you are pardoned both.
And *Sextus* though you faild in your firſt proffer,
We do not yet eſteeme you leaſt in loue, aſcend and touch (our lips.
Sext. Thanke you, no.
Tullia. Then to thy knee we will deſcend thus low.
Sex. Nay now it ſhall not need: how great's my heart!
Arn. In *Tarquins* Crowne thou now haſt loſt thy part.
Sex. No kiſſing now, *Tarquin*, great Queene adiew:
Arnus. On earth we ha no foe but you.
Tarq. What meanes this their vnnaturall enmitie?
Tullia. Hate, borne from loue.
Tar. Reſolue vs then, how did the Gods accept
Our ſacrifice, how are they pleaſ'd with vs?
How long will they applaud our ſoveraignty?
Bru. Shall I tell the King.
Tar. Do Couſen, with the proceſſe of your iourney.
Bru. I will. We went from hither, when we went from hece, arrived thither when wee landed there, made an end of our praiers when we had done our Oriſons, when thus quoth *Phœbus*, *Tarquin* ſhall bee happy whilſt hee is bleſt, gouerne while he raignes, wake when he ſleepes not, ſleepe when hee wakes not, quaffe when he drinks, feed when he eates, gape when his mouth opens, liue till hee die, & die when hee can liue no longer. So *Phebus* commends him to you.
Tar. Mad *Brutus* ſtill, Son *Arnus*. What ſay you?
Arn. That the great Gods to whom the potent King
Of this large Empire ſacrifiſd by vs,
Applaud your raigne, commend your ſoveraignty:
And by a generall Synode grant to *Tarquin*,
Long daies, faire hopes, Maieſtique government.
Bru. Adding withall, that to depoſe the late king which in others, had bin arch-treaſon, in *Tarquin* was honor: what in *Brutus* had bin vſurpation, in *Tarquin* was lawfull ſucceſſion: & for *Tullia*, though it be paraſide for a child to kil her father, in *Tullia* it was charity by death, to rid him of al his calamities

Phœbus himſelfe ſaid ſhe was a good child, and ſhall not I ſay as he ſaies, to tread vpon her fathers skull, ſparkle his brains vpon her Chariot weele,
And weare the ſacred tincture of his blood
Vpon her ſeruile ſhoe? but more then this,
After his death deny him the due claime
Of all mortality, a funerall,
An earthen ſepulcher, this, this, quoth the Oracle,
Saue *Tullia* none would doe. (fury
Tul. Brutus no more, leaſt with the eies of wrath &
We looke into thy humor: were not madnes
And folly to thy words a priviledge,
Even in thy laſt reproofe of our proceedings
Thou hadſt pronounc't thy death.

Bru. If *Tullia* will ſend *Brutus* abroad for newes, & after at his returne not endure the telling of it: let *Tullia* either get cloſer eares, or get for *Brutus* a ſtricter tongue.

Tullia. How ſir? *Bru.* God bo'ye.

Tarq. Alas tis madnes (pardon him) not ſpleene,
Nor is it hate, but frenzie, we are pleaſd
To heare the Gods propitious to our praiers.
But whither's *Sextus* gone? reſolue vs *Cocles*,
We ſaw thee in his parting follow him.

Hora. I heard him ſay, he would ſtraight take his horſe
And to the warlike Gabines enemies to *Rome*, and you.

Tar. Saue them we haue no oppoſites.
Dares the proud boy confederate with our foes?
Attend vs Lords, we muſt new battell wage,
And with bright armes cõfront the proud boys rage. *Exeunt*

Manet Lucretius, Collatine, Horatius, Valerius, Scevola.

Hor. Had I as many ſoules as drops of blood
In theſe branch't vaines, as many liues as ſtarres
Stucke in yond azure Roſe, and were to die
More deaths then I haue waſted weary minutes,
To grow to this, ide hazard all, and more,
To purchaſe freedome to thus bondag'd *Rome*. (ſight
I'me vext to ſee this virgin conquereſſe were ſhackles in my

Luc. Oh would my teares would rid great *Rome* of theſe prodigious feares. *Enter*

Enter Brutus.

Bru. What, weeping ripe *Lucretius?* possible now Lords, Lads, friends, fellowes, yong madcaps, gallants, & old courtly ruffins, al subiects vnder one tyranny, & therfore should be partners of one and the same vnanimity. Shall we go single our selues by two & two, & go talke treason? then tis but his yea, and my nay, if we be cald to question: Or shals goe vse some violent bustling to breake through this thorny servitude, or shal we every man go sit like ô man in desperation, & with *Lucretius* weep at *Romes* misery: now am I for al things any thing or nothing, I can laugh with *Scevola*, weepe with this good old man, sing *oh hone hone* with *Valerius*, fret with *Horatius Cocles*, be mad like my selfe, or neutrize with *Collatine*. Say what shal's do?

Hora. Fret, *Val.* Sing, *Luc.* Weepe, *Scevo.* Laugh. (still sad,

Bru. Rather lets all be mad that *Tarquin* still rameth, *Room's*

Col. You are madmen all that yeild so much to passion.
You lay your selues too open to your enemies,
That would be glad to prie into your deedes,
And catch advantage to ensnare our liues.
The kings feare like a shadow dogs you still,
Nor can you walke without it: I commend
Valerius most, and noble *Scevola*,
That what they cannot mend, seeme not to mind,
By my consent lets all weare out our houres (daunce,
In harmeles sports: hauke, hunt, game, sing, drinke,
So shall wee seeme offenceles and liue safe.
In dangers bloody jawes where being humerous,
Cloudy and curiously inquisitive
Into the Kings proceedings, there arm'd feare
May search into vs, call our deeds to question,
And so prevent all future expectation:
Of wisht amendment let vs stay the the time,
Till heaven haue made them ripe for just revenge,
When opportunitie is offered vs,
And then strike home, till then do what you please:
No discontented thought my mind shall ceaze.

Bru. I am of *Collatines* mind now, *Valerius* sing vs a baudy song & mak's merry: nay it shall be so.

Valer. *Brutus* shall pardon me.

Scev. The time that should haue been seriously spent in the State house, I ha learnt securely to spend in a wenching house, and now I professe my selfe any thing but a Stateman.

Hor. the more thy vanity. *Luc*. The lesse thy honour.

Valer. the more his safety, anb the lesse his feare.

Brut. We ha beene mad Lords long, now let vs be merry Lords. *Hor*. maugree thy melancholy, and *Lucretius* in spright of thy sorrow, Ile haue a song a subiect for the ditty.

Hor. Great *Tarquins* pride, and *Tulliaes* cruelty.

Brut. Dangerous, no. (Citty,

Luc. The tyrannies of the Court, & the vassalage of the

Sce. Neither: shall I guie the subeict?

Bru. Do, & let it be of all the pretty wenches in Rome.

Scev. It shall, it shall, shall it *Valerius*? (conuersance.

Val. Any thing according to my poore acquaintance, & little

Brut. Nay you shall stay *Horatius*, *Lucretius* so shall you, he remoues himselfe from the loue of *Brutus*, that shrinkes from my sidetil we haue had a song of all the pretty suburbians: sit round, when *Valerius*?

The sixt Song.

Valer. *shall I woe thee louely* Molly,
Shee's so faire, so fat, so iolly,
But she has a ticke of folly,
Therefore ile ha none of Molly. *No no no, no no, no.*
Ile ha none of Molly, *no no no.*
Oh the cherry lips of Nelly,
They are red and soft as ielly,
But too well she loues her belly,
Therefore ile haue none of Nelly. *No, no, no, &c.*
What say you to honny Betty,
Ha you seene a lasse so pretty?
But her body is so fretty,
Therefoore ile ha none of Betty. *No, no, no, no, no.*
When I dally with my Dolly,
She is full of melancholly,
Oh that wench is pestilent holly,

There-

therefore ile haue none of Dolly, *No, no, no, &c*
I could fancy louely Nanny,
But she has the loues of many,
Yet herselfe she loues not any,
Therefore ile haue none of Nanny, *No, no, &c*
In a flax shop I spide Ratchell,
Where she her flax and tow did hatchell,
But her checkes hang like a satchell,
therefore ile haue noue of Ratchell, *No, no, &c.*
In a corner I met Biddy,
Her heeles were light her head was giddy,
she fell downe and somewhat did I,
Therefore ile haue none of Biddy, *No, no, &c.*

Brut: The rest wele here within, what offence is there in this Lucretius? what hurt's in this Horatius? is it not better to sing with our heads on, then to bleed with our heads off? I nere tok Collatine for a polition till now, come Valerius, wele runne ouer al the wenches of Rome, from the cõunity of lasciuious *Flora*, to the chastity of diuine *Lucrece*, come good Hortio.

Enter Lucrece, Maide and Clowne. (*Exeunt*

Luc: A Chaire.
Clo: A chaire for my Lady, Mistris *Myrable* do you not here
Luc: Come nere sir, be lesse officious. (my Lady cal
In duty, and vse more attention,
Nay Gentlewoman we exempt not you
From our discourse, but you must afford an eare
As well as he, to what we ha to say.
Maide: I still remaine your hand-maide.
Luc. Sirra I ha seene you oft familiar
With this my maide and waiting Gentlewoman,
as casting amorous glances, wanton lookes,
and priuy becks, sauouring incontinence,
I let you know you are not for my seruice
Vnlesse you grow more ciuill,
Clow: Indeed Madam for my own part I wish Mistris *Myrable* well, as one fellow seruant ought to wish to another, but to say that euer I flung any sheeps eies in her face, how say you mistris *Myrable* did I euer offer it?

Luc. Nay mistris, I ha seeene you answere him
With gracious lookes, and some vnwoi'ill smiles,
Retortring eies, and giving his demeanure
Such welcome as becomes not modesty.
Know hence-forth there shall no lascivious phrase,
Suspitious looke, or shadow of incontinence,
Be entertaind by any that attēd on Roman *Lucrece*

Maide. Madam I!

Luc. Excuse it not, for my premeditate thought
Speaks nothing out of rashnes, nor vaine heare say,
But what my owne experience testifies
Against you both, let then this mild reproofe,
Forewarne you of the like: my reputation
Which is held precious in the eyes of *Roome*,
Shall be no shelter to the least intrror
Of loosenes, leaue all familiaritie,
And quite renounce acquaintance, or I heere discharge you both my service.

Clow. For my owne part Madam, as I am a true Roman by nature, though no Roman by my nose, I never spent the least lip labour on mistris *Mirable*, never so much as glanc'd never v'sd any winking or pinking, neuer nodded at her, no nor so much as when I was a sleepe, neuer askt her the question so much as whats her name: if you can bring any man, woman, or child, that can say so much behind my back, As for he did but kisse her, for I did but kiss her & so let her go: let my Lord *Collatine* in stead of plucking my coat, plucke my skin ouer my eares & turne me away naked, that wheresoever I shall come I may be held a raw seruingmā hereafter.

Luc. Sirra you know our mind.

Clo. If euer I knew what belōgs to these cases, or yet know what they mean, if euer I vs'd any plaine dealing, or were ever worth such a jewell, would I might die like a begger: if ever I were so far read in my grammer, as to know what an interiection is, or a coniunction Copulatiue, would I might never haue good of my *qui quæ quod*: why, do you think Madam I haue no more care of my selfe being but a stripling, then to go to it at these yeares? flesh and blood cannot endure

eudure it, I ſhall euen ſpoile one of the beſt faces in *Rome* wtih crying at your vnkindnes.

Luc. I ha done, ſee if you can ſpie your Lord returning from the Court, and giue me notice what ſtrangers he brings home with him. *Enter Collatine, Valerius, Horatius, Scevola.*

Clow. Yes ile go, but ſee kind man he ſaues me a labour.

Col. Faire *Lucrece*, I ha brought theſe Lords from Court To feaſt with thee, ſirra prepare vs dinner.

Luc. My Lord is welcome, ſo are all his friends, the newes at Court Lords. (of *Rome*

Hor. Madam ſtrange newes: Prince *Sextus* by the enemies Was nobly vſde, and made their Generall,
Twice hath he met his father in the field,
And foild him by the Warlike *Gabines* aid:
But how hath he rewarded that braue Nation,
That in his great diſgrace ſupported him?
Ile tell you Madam, he ſince the laſt battell
Sent to his father a cloſe meſſenger
To be receiu'd to grace, withall demanding
What he ſhould doe with thoſe his enemies?
Great *Tarquin* from his Sonne receiues this newes,
Being walking in his Garden: when the meſſenger
Importunde him for anſwere, the proud King
Lops with his wand the heads of Poppies off,
And ſaies no more, with this vncertaine anſwere
The meſſenger to *Sextus* backe returnes.
Who queſtions of his fathers words, lookes, geſture?
He tels him that the haughtie ſpeechles King
Straight apprehends, cuts off the great mens heads,
And hauing left the *Gabines* without gouern,
Flies to his father, and this day is welcom'd
For this his traiterous ſeruice, by the King,
With all due ſolemne honours to the Court.

Sceuo. Curteſie ſtrangely requited, this none but the ſon of *Tarquin* would haue enterpriſde.

Vale. I like it, I applaud it, this will come to ſomewhat in the end, when heauen has caſt vp his account, ſome of them will be cald to a hard reckoning.

Col. Leaue all to heauen.

Enter Clowne.

Clow. My Lords, the beſt plumporedge in all *Rome* cooles for your honors, dinner is piping hot vpon the table: and if you make not the more haſt, you are like to haue but cold cheare: the Cook hath done his part, and there's not a diſh on the dreſſer but he has made it ſmoke for you, if you haue good ſtomackes, and come not in while the meat is hot, youl'e make hunger and cold meet together.

Col. My man's a Rhetorician I can tell you,
And his conceit is fluent: Enter Lords,
You muſt be *Lucrece* gueſts, and ſhe is ſcant
In nothing, for ſuch Princes muſt not want. *Exeunt.*

Manet Valerius and Clowne.

Clow. My Lord *Valerius*, I haue euen a ſuit to my honor, I ha not the power to part from you, without a rellish, a note, a tone, we muſt get an aire betwixt vs.

Vale. Thy meaning.

Clo. Nothing but this, *Iohn for the king has bin in many ballads, Iohn for the king downe dino, Iohn for the king, has eaten many ſallads, Iohn for the king ſings hey ho.*

Vale. Thou wouldſt haue a ſong, wouldſt thou not?

Clow. And be euerlaſtingly bound to your honour, I am now forſaking the world and the Deuill, and ſomewhat leaning towards the fleſh, if you could but teach me how to chooſe a wench fit for my ſtature and complexion, I ſhould reſt yours in all good offices.

Vale. Ile doe that for thee, whats thy name?

Clow. My name ſir is *Pompie.*

Vale. Well then attend,

He ſings.

The ſeauenth ſong.

Pompie *I will ſhew thee the way to know*
A daintie dapper wench
Firſt ſee her all bare, let her skin be rare,
And be toucht with no part of the french:
Let her eie be cleare, and her eye ſeuere,
Her eie-brows thin and fine:

But

But if she be a punck, and loue to be drunke,
Then keepe her still from the wine.
Let her stature be meane, and her body cleane,
Thou canst not choose but like her:
But see she ha good clothes, with a faire Romane nose
For that's the signe of a striker.
Let her legs be small, but not vsd to sprall,
Her tongue not too lewd nor cocker,
Let her armes be strong, and her fingers long,
but not vs'd to dine in a pocket.
Let her body be long, and her backe be strong,
With a soft lip that entangles,
With an iuorie brest, and her haire well drest,
without gold lace or spangles.
Let her foote be small, cleane leg'd withall,
Her apparell not too gaudy:
And one that hath not been in any house of sinne,
nor place that hath bin bawdy.

Clo. But Gods me, I am trifling heere with you, and dinner cooles a'th table, and I am cald to my attendance, oh my sweete Lord *Valerius*. *Exeunt. Sennat.*

Enter Tarquin, Porsenna, Tullia, Sextus, Arnus.

Tarq. Next king *Porsenna*, whom we tender deerely,
Welcome young *Sextus*, thou hast to our yoake,
Suppresst the necke of a proud nation
The warlike *Gabines* enemies to *Rome*.

Sex. It was my duty Royall Emperour,
The duty of a Subiect and a Son.
We at our mothers intercession likewise, (bosome
Are now aton'd with *Arnus*, who we heere receiue into our

Tul. This is don like a kinde brother and a natural all son.

Arn. We enterchange a royall heart with *Sextus*, & graft vs in your loue.

Tarq. Now King *Porsenna*, welcome once more, to *Tarquin* and to *Rome*.

Por. We are proud of your alliance, *Rome* is ours,

And we are Romes, this our religious league,
Shall be caru'd firme in Characters of braſſe,
And liue for euer to ſucceeding times.

Tar. It ſhall *Porſenna*, now this league's eſtabliſht,
We will proceed in our determin'd wars,
To bring the neighbour Nations vnder vs,
Our purpoſe is to make yong *Sextus* Generall
Of all our army, who hath prou'd his fortunes
And found them full of fauour: weele begin
With ſtrong *Ardea*, ha you giuen in charge
To aſſemble all our Captaines, & take muſter of our ſtrong (army?

Arn. That buſineſſe is diſpatch't.

Sex. We ha likewiſe ſent for all our beſt commanders to take charge according to their merit: Lord *Valerius*,
Lord *Brutus*, *Cocles*, *Mutius*, *Scenola*,
And *Collatine* to make due preparatiõ of ſuch a gallant ſiege.

Tarq. This day you ſhall ſet forward, *Sextus* go,
And let vs ſee your armie march along
Before this king and vs, that we may view
The puiſſance of our hoſt prepard already,
To lay high-reard *Ardea* waſte and lowe.

Sex. I ſhall my liege.

Tul. *Arnus* aſſociate him.

Arn. Ariuall with my brother in his honours.

Exeunt Arnus and Sextus.

Tar. *Porſenna* ſhall behold the ſtrength of *Rome*,
And body of the Campe, vnder the charge
Of two braue Princes, to lay hoſtile ſiege
Againſt the ſtrongeſt Cittie that withſtands
The all commanding *Tarquin*.

Porſ. Tis an obiect to pleaſe *Porſennes* eye.

Soft March.

Luc. The hoſt is now vpon their March.
You from this place may ſee
The pride of all the Roman Chivalry.

Sextus, Arnus, Brutus, Collatine, Valerius, Scenola, Cocles, with ſoldiers, drum and colours, march ouer the ſtage, and congee to the King and Queene.

Porſenna.

Porſ. This ſight's more pleaſing to *Porſennaes* eye,
Then all our rich *Attalia* pompous feaſts,
Or ſumptuous reuels: we are borne a Soldier,
And in our nonage ſuckt the milke of warre.
Should any ſtrange fate lower vpon this army,
Or that the mercileſſe gulfe of confuſion
Should ſwallow them, we at our proper charge,
And from our natiue confines vow ſupply
Of men and armes to make theſe numbers full.

Tarq. You are our royall brother, and in you,
Tarquin is powerfull and maintaines his awe.

Tullia. The like *Porſenna* may command of *Reme.*

Por. But we haue (in your freſh varieties)
Feaſted too much, and kept our ſelfe too long
From our owne ſeate, our proſperous returne
Hath been expected by our Lords and Pieres.

Tarq. The buſines of our wars thus forwarded,
We ha beſt leiſure for your entertainment,
Which now ſhall want no due ſolemnitie.

Por. It hath been beyond both expectation
And merit, but in ſight of heauen I ſweare,
If euer royall *Tarquin* ſhall demaund
Vſe of our loue, tis ready ſtord for you
Even in our Kingly breaſt.

Tar. The like we vow to King *Proſenna*, we will yet a litle
Enlarge your royall welcome with Rarieties,
Such as Rome yeilds: that done, before we part,
Of too remote dominions make one heart.
Set forward then, our ſons wage warre abroad,
To make vs peace at home: we are of our ſelfe
Without ſupportance, wee all fate defie,
Aydleſſe, and of our ſelfe we ſtand thus hye. *Exeunt.*

Two Soldiers meete as in the watch.

1. Stand, who goes there?
2. A friend.
1. Stir not, for if thou dooſt ile broch thee ſtraight vpon the pike. The word?

2. *Sol. Porsenna.*

1. *Sol.* Paſſe, ſtay, who walkes the round to night
The generall, or any of his Captaines?

2. *Sol. Horatius* hath the charge, the other Chieftaines,
Reſt in the Generalls tent, there's no commander
Of any note, but reuell with the Prince:
And I amongſt the reſt am charg'd to attend
Vpon their Rouſe.

1. *Sol.* Paſſe freely, I this night muſt ſtand,
Twixt them and danger, the time of night.

2. *Sol.* The clocke laſt told eleuen.

1. *Sol.* The powers celeſtiall that haue tooke *Rome* in charge, protect it ſtill.
Againe good night, thus muſt poore Soldiers do,
Whilſt their commaunders are with dainties fed,
And ſleepe on Downe, the earth muſt be our bed. *Exit.*

A banquet prepared.

Enter Sextus, *Arnus, Brutus, Valerius, Horatius, Scevola, Colla.*

Sex. Sit round, the enemy is pounded faſt
In their owne folds, the walles made to oppugne,
Hoſtile incurſions become a priſon,
To keepe them faſt for execution,
There's no eruption to be feared.

Bru. What ſhal's do? come a health to the generals health, and *Valerius* that ſits the moſt dinilly ſhal begin it, I cannot talk til my blood be mingled with this blood of grapes: Fil, for *Valerius* thou ſhouldſt drinke well, for thou haſt been in the German warres, if thou louſt me drinke *vpſe freeza.*

Sex. Nay, ſince *Brutus* has ſpoke the word, the firſt health ſhall be impoſ'd on you *Valerius*, and if euer you haue beene germaniz'd, let it be after the Dutch faſhion.

Vale. The generall may command.

Bru. He may, why elſe is he cald the commander?

Sex. We will intreate *Valerius.*

Vale. Since you will needs inforce a high German health, looke wel to your heads, for I come vpō you with this dutch Taſſaker: if you were of a more noble ſcience then you are, it will go neere to break your heads round.

The

The eight, a Dutch ſong.

O Mork giff men ein man,
Skerry merry vip,
O morke giff men eine man
Skerry merry vap,
O mork giff men eine man,
that tik die tein long o drieuan ean,
Skerry mery vip, & ſkerry merry vap
and skerry merry runke ede bunk
Ede hoore was a hai dedle downe
Dedle drunke a:
Skerry merry runk, ede bunk, ede hoor was drunk a.

O daughter yeis ein alto kleene,
Skerry merry vip,
O daughter yeis ein alto kleene,
Skerry merry vap,
O daughter yeis in alto kleene,
Ye molten ſlop, ein yert a leene
skerry mery vip, & skerry merry vap
And skerry merry runke ede bunck
Ede hoore was a hey dedte downe
Dedle drunke a:
Skerry merry, runke ede bunk ede hoore was drunke a.

Sext. Gramercies *Valerius*, came this hie-German health as double as his double ruffe, i'de pledge it.

Bru. Were it in Lubecks or double double beere, their own natural liquor i'de pledge it, were it as deep as his ruffe: let the helth go round about the board, as his band goes round about his necke. I am no more afraid of this dutch fauchion, then I ſhould be of the heatheniſh inuention.

Col. I muſt entreat you ſpare me, for my braine brooks not the fumes of wine, their vaporous ſtrength offends me much

Hor. I would haue none ſpare me, for ile ſpare none, *Collatine* will pledge no health vnleſſe it be to his *Lucrece*.

Sext. What's *Lucreece* but a woman, and what are women But tortures and diſturbance vnto men?

If

If they be fowle, th'are odious, and if faire,
Th'are like rich vessels ful of poisonous drugs,
Or like black serpents armd with golden scales:
For my owne part they shall not trouble me.

Brutus. Sextus sit fast for I proclaime my selfe a womans champion, and shall vnhorse thee else.

Vale. For my owne part Ime a maried man, and Ile speake to my wife to thanke thee *Brutus.*

Arn. I haue a wife too, and I thinke the most vertuous Lady in the world.

Sce. I cannot say but that I haue a good wife too, & I loue her: but if she were in heauen, beshrew me if I would wish her so much hurt as to desire her cõpany vpõ earth again, yet vpõ my honor, thogh she be not very faire, she is exceeding honest.

Bru. Nay the lesse beauty, the lesse temptation to dispoile her honesty.

Sce. I should be angry with him that should make question of her honour:

Brut. And I angry with thee if thou shouldst not maintaine her honour.

Arn. If you compare the vertues of your wiues, let mee step in for mine.

Colla. I should wrong my *Lucrece* not to stand for her.

Sex. Ha, ha, all captaines, and stand vpon the honesty of your wiues; ist possible think you that women of yong spirit
Full age, of fluent wit, that can both sing and dance, (and
Reade, write, such as feede well, and taste choice cates,
That straight dissolue to puritie of blood,
That keepe the veines full, and enflame the appetite
Making the spirit able, strong, and prone,
Can such as these their husbands being away
Emploid in forrein sieges, or elsewhere,
Deny such as importune them at home?
Tell me that flaxe will not be toucht with fire,
Nor they be won to what they most desire?

Bru. Shall I end this controuersie in a word?

Sex. Do good *Brutus.*

Bru. I hold some holy, but some apt to sin, Some

Some tractable, but some that none can winne,
Such as are vertuous, Gold nor wealth can moue,
Some vicious of themselues are prone to loue.
Some grapes are sweet and in the Garden grow,
Others vnprun'd, turne wilde neglected so.
The purest oare containes both Gold and drosse,
The one all gaine, the other nought but losse:
The one disgrace, reproch and scandall taints,
The other angels and sweet featur'd Saints.

Col. Such is my vertuous *Lucrece*.

Ar. Yet for her vertue not comperable to the wife of *Ar.*

Sce. And why may not mine be rākt with the most vertuous

Hor. I would put in for a lot, but 1000. to one I shall draw but a blanke.

Vale. I should not shew I lou'd my wife, not to take her part in her absence: I hold her inferiour to none.

Arn. Saue mine. *Vale.* No not to her. (to arbitrate.

Bru. Oh this were a braue cōtrouersie for a Iury of women

Col. Ile hazard all my fortunes on the vertues
Of diuine *Lucrece*, shall we try them thus?
It is now dead of night, lets mount our steeds,
Within this two howres we may reach to *Rome*,
And to our howses all come vnprepard,
And vnexpected by our hye praisd wiues.
She of them all that we find best imploid,
Deuoted, and most huswife exercised,
Let her be held most vertous, and her husband
Win by the wager a rich horse and armour.

Arn. A hand on that.

Vale: Heres a helping hand to that Bargaine.

Hor. But shall we to horse without circumstance?

Sce. *Scevola* will be mounted with the first.

Se. Thē mount Cheual *Brutus* this night take you the charg of the army, Ile see the trial of this wager. twould do me good to see som of thē find their wiues in the armes of their louers, they are so confidēt in their vertues: *Brutus* wele, enterchāg, good night, be thou but as prouident ore the army as we (if our horses faile not) expeditious in our iourny: to horse to

All. Farewell Lord *Brutus*. *Exeunt.* (horse:

Enter

Enter Lucrece and her two maids.

Luc. But one houre more and you ſhall all to reſt,
Now that your Lord is abſent from this howſe,
And that the Maſters eie is from his charge,
We muſt be carefull and with prouidence
Guide his domeſticke buſines, we ha now
Giuen ore all feaſting and left reuelling,
Which ill becomes the houſe whoſe Lord is abſent,
We baniſh all exceſſe till his returne,
In feare of whom my ſoule doth daily mourne.

1. Madam to pleaſe you to repoſe your ſelfe
Within your chamber, leaue vs to our tasks,
We will not loiter, though you take your reſt.

Luc. Not ſo, you ſhall not ouer-watch your ſelues
Longer then I wake with you, for it fits
Good huſwiues when their husbands are from home,
To eie their ſeruants labors, and in care,
And the true manage of his houſhold ſtate,
Earlieſt to riſe, and to be vp moſt late.
Since all his buſines he commits to me,
Ile be his faithfull ſteward till the camp
Diſſolue, & he returne, thus wiues ſhould doe,
In abſence of their Lords be husbands too.

2. Madam the L. *Turnus* his man was thrice for you here to haue entreated you home to ſupper, he ſaies his L. takes it vnkindly he could not haue your company.

Lu. To pleaſe a louing husband, Ile offend
The loue and patience of my deareſt friend,
Me thinks his purpoſe was vnreaſonable
To draw me in my husbands abſence forth
To feaſt & banquet, twould haue ill becomd me, (& Miſtres,
To ha left the charg of ſuch a ſpacios houſe without both L.
I am opiniond thus: wiues ſhould not ſtray (excuſe me.
Out of their dores their husbands being away: L. *Turnus* ſhal

1 *Maid.* Pray Madam ſet me right into my worke.

Luc. Being abroad I may forget the charge
Impoſd me by my Lord, or be compeld
To ſtay out late, which were my husband here,
Might be, without diſtaſt, but he from hence,

With

With late abroad, there can no excuse dispence.
Here, take your worke againe, a while proceede,
And then to bed, for whilst you sow, ile reade.

Enter Sextus, Arrius, Valerius, Collatine, Horatius, Scevola.

Arn. I would haue hazarded all my hopes, my wife had not been so late a reuelling.

Vale. Nor mine at this time of night a gamboling.

Hor. They were so much Corke vnder their heeles, they cannot choose but loue to caper.

Sce. Nothing does me good, but that if my wife were watching, all theirs were wantoning, and if I ha lost, none can brag of their winnings.

Sex. Now *Collatine* to yours, either *Lucrece* must be better imployd then the rest, or you content to haue her vertues ranckt with the rest. *Col.* I am pleasd.

Hor. Soft, soft, lets steale vpon her as vpon the rest, least hauing some watchword at our arriuall, we may giue her notice to be better prepard: nay by your leaue *Collatine*, weele limit you no aduantage.

Co. See Lords, thus *Lucrece* reuels with her maids,
Instead of ryot, quaffing, & the practise of the lauoltoes to the rauishing sound of chambring musique, she like a good huswife is teaching of her seruants sundry chares, *Lucrece!*

Luc. My Lord & husband welcome, 10. times welcome.
Is it to see your *Lucrece* you thus late
Ha with your persons hazard left the Camp,
And trusted to the danger of a night so dark, & ful of horror!

Arn. Lords all's lost. (for this tricke.

Hor. *By Iouc* ile buy my wife a wheele, & make her spin

Sce. If I make not mine learne to liue by the prick of her dle for this, I'me no Roman.

Col. Sweet wife salute these Lords, thy continence
Hath won thy husbād a Barbary horse, & a rich coat of arms.

Luc. O pardon me, the ioy to see my Lord,
Tooke from me all respect of their degrees,
The richest entertainment liues with vs,
According to the houre and the p rouision
Of a poore wife in the absence of her husband,
We prostrate to you, howsoeuer meane,
We thus excusd, Lord *Collatines* away.

We neither feast, dance, quaffe, riot, nor play.

Sex. If one woman among so many bad, may be found good, If a white wench may proue a black swan, it is *Lucrece* her beauty hath relation to her vertue, & her vertue correspondent to her beauty, and in both she is matchlesse.

Colla. Lords will you yeild the wager?

Arn. Stay, the wager was as well which of our wiues was faireſt too, it ſtretcht as well to their beautie as to their continence, who ſhall iudge that?

Hor. That can none of vs, becauſe wee are all parties, let Prince *Sextus* determine it who hath bin with vs, and bin an eye witneſſe of their beauties. *Vale.* Agreed.

Sex. I am pleaſd with the cenſure of Prince *Sextus*.

Arn. So are we all.

Col. I commit my *Lucrese* holy to the diſpoſe of *Sextus*.

Sex. And *Sextus* commits him wholy to the diſpoſe of *Lucrece*

I loue the Lady and her grace deſire,
Nor can my loue wrong what my thought admire.
Arnus, no queſtion but your wife is chaſt,
And thrifty, but this Lady knowes no waſt.
Valerius, yours is modeſt, ſomething faire,
Her grace and beautie are without compare,
Thine *Marius* well diſpoſd and of good feature,
But the world yeilds not ſo diuine a creature.
Horatius, thine a ſmug laſſe and grace well,
But amongſt all faire *Lucrece* doth excell.
Then our impartiall hearts and iudging eies,
This verdict giues, faire *Lucrece* wins the prize.

Col. Then Lords, you are indebted to me a horſe & armor.

Omnes. We yeild it. (houſe can yeild?

Lu. Wil you taſt ſuch welcom Lords, as a poure vnprouided

Sex. Gramercie *Lucrece*, no, wee muſt this night ſleepe by *Ardea* walles. (*Lucrece.*

Lu. I but my Lords I hope my *Collatine* wil not ſo leaue his

Sex. He muſt, we haue but idled fro the Camp, to try a merry wager about their wiues, & this the hazard of the kings diſpleaſure, ſhold any man be miſſing from his charge: the powers that gouern *Rome* make diuine *Lu.* for euer happy, good

Lu. Wil not my husband repoſe this night with me? (night.

Hor.

Hor. *Lucrece* shall pardon him, we ha tooke our leaues of our wiues, nor shall *Collatine* be before vs though our Ladies in other things come behind you.

Col. I must be swaid: the ioyes and the delights of many thousand nights meet all in one to make my *Lucrece* happy.

Luc. I am bound to your strict will, to each good-night.

Sex. To horse, to horse, *Lucrece* we cannot rest,
Till our hot lust imbosome in thy brest. *Exeunt, manet Lu.*

Lu. With no vnkindnes we should our Lords vpbraid,
Husbands and kings must alwaies be obaid.
Nothing saue the high busines of the state,
And the charge giuen him at *Ardeas* siege,
Could ha made *Collatine* so much digresse
From the affection that he beares his wife.
But subiects must excuse when Kings claime power.
But leauing this before the charme of sleepe,
Cease with his downy wings vpon my eies,
I must go take account among my seruants
Of their daies taske, we must not cherish sloth,
No couetous thought makes me thus prouident,
But to shun Idlenes, which wise men say,
Begets ranck lust, and vertue beats away. *Exit.*

Enter Sextus, Armus, Horatius, Brutus, Scenola, Valerius.

Hor. Return to *Rome* now we are in the midway to the Camp

Sex. My Lords tis businesthat concernes my life,
To morrow if we liue weele visite thee.

Vale. Wil *Sextus* enioyne me to accompany him?

Sce. Or me?

Sex. Nor you, nor any, tis important businesses
And serious occurrences that call me,
Perhaps Lords Ile commend you to your wiues.
Collatine shall I doe you any seruice to your *Lucrece*?

Col. Only commend me.

Sex. What, no priuat token to purchase our kind welcom?

Col. Would Roiall *Sextus* would but honour me to beare her a slight token. *Sextus*: What? *Col.* This Ring.

Sex. As I am Royall I will feet deliuered.
This Ring to *Lucrece* shall my loue conuay,
And in this gift thou dost thy bed betray.

To morrow we ſhall meete, this night ſweet fate,
May I proue welcome though a gueſt ingrate. *Exit.*

Arm. Hees for the Cittie, we for the Camp, the night makes the way teadious and melancholly, prethee a merry ſong to beguile it. The ninth ſong. He ſings.

Vale. *There was a young man and a maid fell in loue,*
Terry dery ding, terry tery ding, tery tery dino.
To get her good will he often did,
Terry dery ding, terry dery ding, langtido dille.
Theres many will ſay, and moſt will allow, terry dery, &c.
Theres nothing ſo good as a terry dery dery dery, &c.
I would wiſh all maids before they be ſicke, terry dery, &c.
To enquire for a young man that has a good terry dery, &c.

Hor. Good *Valerius*, this has brought vs euen to the skirts of the campe, enter Lords, *Exit. Enter Sextus and Lucrece.*

Luc. This Ring my Lord hath opt the gates to you,
For though I know you for a Royall Prince
My ſoueraignes Son, and friend to *Collatine*
Without that key you had not entred heere.
More lights, and ſee a banquet ſtraight prouided,
My loue to my deere husband ſhall appeare
In the kind welcome that I giue his friend.

Sex. Not loue-ſicke, but loue-lunatick, loue-mad:
I am all fire, impatience, and my blood
Boyles on my heart, with looſe and ſenſuall thoughts.

Luc. A chaire for the Prince, may't pleaſe your highnes ſit?

Sex. Madam, with you. (trencher

Luc. It will become the wife of *Collatine* to wait vpon your

Sex. You ſhall ſit: behind vs at the camp we left our ſtate
We are but your gueſt, indeed you ſhall not waite,
Her modeſtie hath ſuch ſtrong power ore me,
And ſuch a reuerence hath fate giuen her brow,
That it appeares a kind of blaſphemy,
To haue any wanton word harſh in her eares.
I cannot woe, and yet I loue boue meaſure,
Tis force, not ſuite, muſt purchaſe this rich treaſure.

Luc. Your highnes cannot taſte ſuch homely cates.

Sex. Indeed I cannot feed, but on thy face,
Thou art the banquet that my thoughts embrace:

Luc.

Luc. Knew you my Lord, what free & zealous welcome
We tender you, your highneſſe would preſume
Vpon your entertainment: oft, and many times
I haue heard my husband ſpeake of *Sextus* valor,
Extoll your worth, praiſe your perfection, (*Lucrece.*
I, dote vpon your valor, and your friendſhp priſe next his
Sex. Oh impious luſt, in al things baſe, reſpectles & vniuſt
Thy vertue, grace, and fame, I muſt enioy,
Though in the purchaſe I all *Rome* deſtroy.
Madam, if I be welcom as your vertue bids me preſume I am,
Carouſe to me a health vnto your husband.
Luc. A womans draught my Lord to *Collatine.*
Sext. Nay, you muſt drinke off all.
Luc. Your grace muſt pardon the tender weakneſſe of a
Sex. It is to *Collatine.* (womans braine.
Luc. Me thinks twould ill become the modeſtie
Of any Roman Lady to carouſe,
And drowne her vertues in the iuice of grapes.
How can I ſhew my loue to my husband
To do his wife ſuch wrong? by too much wine
I might neglect the charge of this great houſe,
Left ſoly to my keepe, elſe my example
Might in my ſeruants breed encouragement
So to offend, both which were pardonleſſe,
Elſe to your grace I might neglect my duty,
And ſlacke obeyſance to ſo great a gueſt:
All which being accidentall vnto wine,
Oh let me not ſo wrong my *Collatine.*
Sex. We excuſe you, her imperfections like a torrent
With violence breakes vpon me, and at once
Inuert and ſwallow all thats good in me.
Prepoſterous fates, what miſchiefes you inuolue
Vpon a caitiffe Prince, left to the fury
Of all grand miſchiefe? hath the grandame world
Yet ſmothered ſuch a ſtrange abortiue wonder,
That from her vertues ſhould ariſe my ſinne?
I am worſt then whats moſt ill, depriu'd all reaſon,
My heart all fierie luſt, my ſoule all treaſon.
Luc. My Lord, I feare your health, your changing brow
Hath

Hath ſhewne ſo much diſturbance, noble *Sextus*,
Hath not your ventrous trauell from the Campe,
Nor the moyſt rawnes of theſe humorous night impaird
Sex. Diuineſt *Lucrece* no. I cannot eate. (your health?
Luc. To reſt then, a ranck of torches there, attend the Pr.
Sex. Madam I doubt I am a gueſt this night
Too troubleſome, and I offend your reſt.
Lu. This Ring ſpeakes for me, that next *Collatine* you are to me moſt welcome, yet my Lord thus much preſume, without this frō his hand, *Sext.* this night could not haue entred here, no, not the king himſelf: my dores the day time to my frinds
But in the night the obdure gates are leſſe kind. (are free,
Without this ring they can no entrāce find. Lights for the *P.*
Sex. A kiſſe and ſo godnight, nay for your rings ſake deny
Lu. Ioue giue your highnes ſoft & ſweet repoſe (not that
Sex. And thee the like, repoſe with ſoft content,
My vowes are fixt, my thoghts on miſchiefe bent. *Exit with*
Luc. Tis late ſo many ſtarres ſhine in this roome, *torches.*
By reaſon of this great and Princely gueſt,
The world might call our modeſty in queſtion,
To reuell thus our husband at the Campe,
Haſt & to reſt, ſaue in the Princes chamber.
Let not a light appeare, my hearts all ſadneſſe,
Ioue vnto thy protection I commit
My chaſtitie and honour to thy keepe,
My waking ſoule I giue whilſt my thoughts ſleepe. *Exit.*

Enter Clowne and a Seruingman.

Clo. Soft, ſoft not to loud, imagine we were now going on the ropes with egs at our heeles, he that hath but a creking ſhooe I would he had a creek in his neck, tread not to hard for diſturbing *P. Sextus*. *Ser.* I wonder the *P.* would ha none of vs ſtay in his chamber & help him to bed. *Clo.* What an aſſe art thou to wonder, there may be many cauſes: thou knowſt the P. is ſoldier & ſoldiers many times wāt ſhift: who can ſay whither he haue a cleane ſhirt on or no : for any thing that wee know he hath vſd ſtauesaker, or hath tane a medcine to kill the itch whats that to vs, we did our duty to proffer our ſelues
Ser. And what ſhould we enter farther into his thoughts? come ſhals to bed? I me as drow ſie as a dormouſe, & my head is as heauy as though I had a night-cap of lead on. *Clo.*

Clow. And my eies begin to glew themſelues together, I was till ſupper was don all together for your repaſt, and now after ſupper I am onely for your repoſe: I thinke for the two vertues of eating and ſleeping, there's neuer a Roman ſpirit vnder the Cope of heauen can put me downe.

Enter Mirable.

Myr. For ſhame what a coniuring, and catter-walling keep you here, that my Lady cannot ſleepe: you ſhall haue her cal by and by, and ſend you all to bed with a witneſſe.

Clo. Sweete miſtris *Myrable* we are going.

Myr. You are too loud, come, euery man diſpoſe him to his reſt, and ile to mine.

Ser. Out with your Torches ſir.

Clow. Come then, and euery man ſneake into his kennel.

Exeunt

Enter Sextus with his Sword drawne and a Taper light.

Sex. Night be as ſecret as thou art cloſe, as cloſe
As thou art blacke and darke, thou ominous Queene
Of *Tenebrouſe* ſilence, make this fatall houre
As true to Rape, as thou haſt made it kind
To murder, and harſh miſchiefe: *Cinthia* maske thy cheeke,
And all you ſparkling elementall fires,
Choake vp your beauties in prodigeous fogs,
Or be extinct in ſome thicke vaporous clouds,
Leaſt you behold my practiſe: I am bound
Vpon a blacke aduenture, on a deede
That muſt wound vertue, and make beautie bleed,
Pauſe *Sextus*, and before thou runſt thy ſelfe
Into this violent danger, weigh thy ſinne,
Thou art yet free, belou'd, grac'd in the Campe,
Of great opinion and vndoubted hope,
Romes darling in the vniuerſall grace,
Both of the field, and ſenate: were theſe fortunes
To make thee great in both, backe yet, thy fame
Is free from hazard, and thy ſtile from ſhame,
Oh fate! thou haſt vſurpt ſuch power o're man,
That where thou pleadſt thy will no mort all can.
On then, blacke miſchiefe hurrey me the way,

My ſelfe I muſt deſtroy, her life betray,
The ſtate of King and Subiect, the diſpleaſure
Of Prince and people, the reuenge of noble,
And the contempt of baſe, the incurd vengeance
Of my wrongd kinſman *Collatine*, the Treaſon
Againſt diuin'ſt *Lucrece*: all theſe totall curſſes
Foreſeene not feard, vpon one *Sextus* meete,
To make my daies harſh: ſo this night be ſweete,
No iarre of Clocke, no ominous hatefull howle
Of any ſtarting Hound, no horſe-coughe breath'd from the
Of any drowſie Groom, wakes this charm'd ſilence (entrals
And ſtarts this generall ſlumber, forward ſtill, *Lu. diſcouered*
To make thy luſt liue, all thy vertues kill. (*in her bed.*
Heere, heere, behold! beneath theſe curtaines lies
That bright enchantreſſe that hath daz'd my eies.
Oh who but *Sextus* could commit ſuch waſte?
On one ſo faire, ſo kind, ſo truely chaſte?
Or like a rauiſher thus rudely ſtand,
To offend this face, this brow, this lip, this hand?
Or at ſuch fatall howres theſe reuels keepe,
With thought once to defile thy innocent ſleepe,
Saue in this breſt, ſuch thoughts could find no place,
Or pay with treaſon her kind hoſpitall grace;
But I am luſt-burnt all bent on what's bad,
That which ſhould calme good thoughts makes *Tarquin*
mad. Madam, *Lucrece*?

Luc. Whoſe that? oh me! beſhrew you.

Sex. Sweete, tis I. *Luc.* What I?

Sex. Make roome.

Luc. My Husband *Collatine*?

Sex. Thy husband's at the Campe.

Luc. Here is no place for any man ſaue him.

Sex. Graunt me that grace.

Luc. What are you?

Sex. *Tarquin* and thy friend, and muſt enioy thee,

Luc. Heauen ſuch ſinnes defend.

Sex. Why doe you tremble Lady? ceaſe this feare,
I am alone, there's no ſuſpicious eare

That

That can betray this deede: nay ſtart not ſweete.
Luc. Dreame I, or am I full awake? oh no!
I know I dreame to ſee Prince *Sextus* ſo.
Sweete Lord awake me, rid me from this terror,
I know you for a Prince, a Gentleman,
Royall and honeſt, one that loues my Lord.
And would not wracke a womans chaſtitie
For Romes imperiall Diadem, oh then
Pardon this dreame, for being awake I know
Prince *Sextus* Romes great hope, would not for ſhame
Hauocke his owne worth, or diſpoile my fame.
Sex. I'me bent on both, my thoughts are all on fire,
Chooſe thee, thou muſt imbrace death, or deſire,
Yet doe I loue thee, wilt thou accept it? *Luc.* No.
Sex. If not thy loue, thou muſt enioy thy foe.
Where faire meanes cannot, force ſhall make my way:
By *Ioue* I muſt enioy thee.
Luc. Sweet Lord ſtay.
Sex. I'me all impatience, violence and rage.
And ſaue thy bed nought can this fire aſſwage: wilt loue me?
Luc. No, I cannot.
Sext. Tell me why?
Luc. Hate me, and in that hate firſt let me die.
Sex. By *Ioue* ile force thee. (forbeare
Luc. By a God you ſweare to do a deuils deed, ſweet Lord
By the ſame *Ioue* I ſweare that made this ſoule,
Neuer to yeild vnto an act ſo fowle. Helpe, helpe.
Sex. Theſe cuſhens firſt ſhall ſtop thy breath,
If thou but ſhriekeſt, harke how ile frame thy death.
Luc. For death: I care not, ſo I keep vnſtaind
The vneraz'd honor I haue yet maintaind.
Sex. Thou canſt keepe neither, for if thou but ſqueakeſt
Or letſt the leaſt harſh noiſe iarre in my eare,
Ile broach thee on my ſteele, that done ſtraight murder
One of thy baſeſt Groomes, and lay you both
Graſpt arme in arme, on thy adulterate bed,
Then call in witneſſe of that mechall ſinne,
So ſhalt thou die: thy death be ſcandalous,

Thy name be odious, thy ſuſpected body
Denide all funerall rites, and louing *Collatine*
Shall hate thee euen in death: then ſaue all this,
And to thy fortunes adde another friend,
Giue thy feares comfort, and theſe torments end.
Luc. Ile die firſt, and yet heare me, as y'are noble,
If all your goodnes and beſt generous thoughts
Be not exilde your heart, pittie, oh pittie
The Vertues of a woman: marre not that
Cannot be made againe: this once defilde,
Not all the Ocean waues can purifie,
Or waſh my ſtaine away: you ſeeke to ſoyle,
That which the radiant ſplendor of the Sunne
Cannot make bright againe: behold my teares,
Oh thinke them pearled drops, diſtilled from the heart
Of Soule-chaſte *Lucrece*: think them Orators,
To plead the cauſe of abſent *Collatine*, your friend & kinſman
Sex. Tuſh, I am obdure.
Luc. Then make my name fowle, keepe my body pure,
Oh Prince of Princes doe but weigh your ſinne,
Thinke how much I ſhall looſe, how ſmall you winne.
I looſe the honour of my name and blood,
Loſſe, *Romes* imperiall Crowne cannot make good.
You win the worlds ſhame, and all good mens hate,
Oh who would pleaſure, buy at ſuch deere rate?
Nor can you tearme it pleaſure, for what is ſweet,
Where force and hate iarre and contention meete?
Weigh but for what tis that you vrge me ſtill,
To gaine a womans loue againſt her will?
Youle but repent ſuch wrong done a chaſte wife,
And thinke that labour's not worth all your ſtrife.
Curſſe your hot luſt, and ſay you haue wrong'd your friends
But all the world cannot make me amends.
I tooke you for a friend, wrong not my truſt,
But let theſe chaſte teares quench your fierie luſt.
Sex. No, thoſe moiſt teares contending with my fire,
Quench not my heat, but make it clime more higher:
Ile drag thee hence.

Luc. Oh

Luc. Oh!

Sex. If thou raise these cries, logd'd in thy slaughtered armes some base Groome dyes,
And Rome that hath admired thy name so long,
Shall blot thy death with scandall from my tongue.

Luc. Ioue garde my innocence.

Sex. Lucrece, th'art mine:
In spight of *Ioue* & all the powers diuine. *He beares her out.*

Enter a Seruingman.

Ser. Whats a Clocke tro? my Lord bad mee bee earely readie with my Gelding, for hee would ride betimes in the morning: now had I rather be vp an houre before my time then a minute after, for my Lord wil be so infinitely angry if I but ouer-sleepe my selfe a moment, that I had better be out of my life then in his displeasure: but soft, some of my Lord *Collatines* men lie in the next chamber, I care not if I call the vp, for it growes towards day: what *Pompy, Pompy?*

Clo. Who is that cals? *Ser.* Tis I.

Clow. Whose that, my Lord *Sextus* his man, what a pox make you vp before day?

Ser. I would haue the key of the Gate to come at my Lordes Horse in the stable.

Clo. I wold my Lord *Sextus* & you were both in the hayloft, for *Pompey* can take none of his naturall rest among you, heeres ene Ostler rise & giue my horse another pecke of hay.

Ser. Nay good *Pompey* helpe me to the key of the Stable.

Clow. Well, *Pompey* was borne to do Rome good in being so kind to the young Princes Gelding, but if for my kindenesse in giuing him Pease and Oates he should kicke mee, I should scarse say God a mercy horse: but come, ile goe with thee to the stable. *Exeunt.*

Enter Sextus and Lucrece vnready.

Sex. Nay, weepe not sweete, whats done is past recall,
Call not thy name in question, by this sorrow
Which is yet without blemish, what hath past
Is hid from the worlds eye, and onely priuate
Twixt vs, faire *Lucrece*: pull not on my head,

The wrath of *Rome* if I haue done thee wrong,
Loue was the cause, thy fame is without blot.
And thou in *Sextus* hast a true friend got,
Nay sweet looke vp, thou onely hast my hart,
I must be gone *Lucrece* a kisse and part.

Lu. Oh! *She stings from him, and Exit.*

Sex. No? peeuish dame farwell, then be the bruter
Of thy owne shame, which *Tarquin* would conceale,
I am arm'd gainst all can come, let mischiefe frown,
With all his terror armd with ominous fate,
To all their spleenes a welcome ile afford,
With this bold heart, strong hand, & my good sword. *Exit.*

Enter Brutus, Valerius, Horatius, Arnus, Scevola, Collatine.

Bru. What so early *Valerius* and your voice not vp yet? thou wast wont to be my Larke, and raise me with thy early notes.

Val. I was neuer so hard set yet my Lord, but I had ever a fit of mirth for my friend.

Bru. Prethee lets here it then while we may, for I divine thy musique and my madnes are both short liu'd, wee shall haue somewhat else to doe ere long, we hope *Valerius*.

Hor. *Ioue* send it.

Bru. Me thinks our warres go not well forwards, *Horatius* we haue greater enemies to bustle with then the *Ardeans*, if we durst but front them.

Hor. Would it were come to fronting.

Bru. Then we maried men should haue the aduantage of the batchelers *Horatius*, especially such as haue reuelling wiues those that can caper in the Cittie, while their husbands were in the Camp, *Collatine* why are you so sad? the thoght of this should not trouble you, hauing a *Lucrece* to your bedfellow.

Col. My Lord I know no cause of discontent, yet cannot I be merry.

Arn. I should be frolicke if my brother were but returnd to the Camps. *Hor.* And in good time behold Prince *Sextus*.

Omnes. Health to our Generall. *Sex.* Thank you.

Br. Wil you survey your forces, & giue order for a present assault, your soldiers long to be tugging with the *Ardeans*.

Sex. No

Sex. No.

Col. Haue you seene *Lucretia* my Lord, how fares shee?

Sex. Well, Ile to my Tent.

Arn. Why how now whats the matter brother?

Exeunt the brothers.

Bru. Thank you, No, well, Ile to my Tent, get thee to thy Tent & a coward goe with thee, if thou hast no more spirit to a speedy encounter.

Vale. Shall I go after him and know the cause of his discontent? *See.* On I my Lord?

Bru. Neither, to pursue a foole in his humour? is the next way to make him more humorous, Ile not be guiltie of his folly, Thanke you no, before I wish him health agen when he is sicke of the sullens, may I die, not like a Roman, but like a runagate.

See. Perhaps hee's not well.

Bru. Well: then let him be ill.

Enter Clowne.

Vale. The newes with this hasty post.

Clo. Did no body see my Lord *Collatine*? oh, my Ladie commends her to you, heer's a letter.

Col. Giue it me.

Clo. Fie vpon't, neuer was poore *Pompy* so ouer-labourd as I haue been, I thinke I haue spurd my horse such a question, that hee is scarce able to wig or wag his tayle for an answere, but my Ladie bad me spare for no horse flesh, & I thinke I haue made him run his race.

Bru. Cosen *Collatine* the newes at *Rome*?

Col. Nothing but what you all may well pertake: reade here my Lord. *Brutus* reades the letter.

Deere Lord, if euer thou wilt see thy *Lucrece*,
Choose of the friends which thou affectest best,
And all important busines set a part,
Repaire to *Rome*: commend me to Lord *Brutus*,
Valerius, *Mutius*, and *Horatius*.
Say I intreat their presence, where my Father
Lucretius shall attend them, farwell sweete,
Th'affaires are great, then doe not faile to meete.

Brut. Ile

Bru. Ile thither as I liue, *Exit.*
Col. I though I die. *Exit.*
Sce. To *Rome* with expeditious wings weele flie. *Exit.*
Hor. The newes, the newes, if I haue any shape
Of sadnesse, if some prodegie haue chanst,
That may beget reuenge, ile cease to chafe,
Vexe, martyr, grieue, torture, torment my selfe,
And tune my humor to strange straines of mirth,
My soule deuines some happinesse, speake, speake:
I know thou hast some newes that will create me,
Merry and musicall, for I would laugh,
Be new transhapt, I prethee sing *Valerius* that I may ayre with thee.

Vale. First tell vs what's the proiect of thy message?

Clo. My Lords the Princely *Sextus* has been at home, but what he hath done there I may partly mistrust, but cannot altogether resolue you: besides, my Lady swore me, that whatsoeuer I suspected I should say nothing.

Vale. If thou wilt not say thy mind I prethee sing thy mind, and then thou maist saue thine oath.

Clo. Indeed I was not sworne to that, I may either laugh out my newes or sing am, & so I may saue mine oath to my Lady

Hor. How's all at *Rome*, that with such sad presage,
Disturbed *Collatine* and noble *Brutus*
Are hurried from the Campe with *Sceuola*?
And we with expedition amongst the rest,
Are charg'd to *Rome*? speake what did *Sextus* there with thy faire mistresse?

Val. Second me my Lord, and weele vrge him to disclose it.

Valerius, Horatius, and the Clowne their Catch.

Val. *Did he take faire Lucrece by the wo mun?*
Clow. *Toe mun.*
Clow. *I man.*
Clow. *Ha ha ha ha ha mun.*
Hora. *And further did he proiect to go mun?*
Clow. *Coe mun.*

Hor. *I man.* Clow. *Ha ha ha ha man, fa derry derry downe a ha fa derry dino.*
Val: *Did he take faire Lucrece by the heele man?*
Clow. *Heele man.* Val: *I man.* Clow. *Ha ha ha ha man:*
Hor. *And did he further ſtriue to feele man?*
Clow. *Feele man.* Hor. *I man.* Clo: *Ha ha ha man, ha fa dery, &c*
Hor. *Did he take the Lady by the ſhin man?*
Clow. *Shin man.* Val: *I man* Clow. *Ha ha ha ha man.*
Hor. *Further too would he haue bene man?* Clow *Bin man.*
Hor. *I man.* Clow: *Ha ha ha ha man. Ha fa dery, &c.*
Val: *Did he take the Lady by the knee man?*
Clow. *Knee man.* Val: *I man.* Clow. *Ha ha ha ha man.*
Hor. *Further then that would he be man.*
Clow: *Be man.* Hor: *I man* Clow. *Ha ha ha ha man, hey fa-dery, &c:*
Val: *Did he take the Lady by the thigh man?*
Clow: *Thigh man.* Val, *I man.* Clow. *Ha ha ha ha man.*
Hor. *And now he came it ſome what nye man.* Clow: *Nie man*
Val: *I man.* Clow: *Ha ha ha ha man, Hey fa dery, &c*
Val: *But did he doe the tother thing man?*
Clow. *Thing man?* Val: *I man.* Clow: *Ha ha ha ha man:*
Hor. *And at the ſame had he a fling man:* Clow. *Fling man:*
Hor. *I man,* Clow: *Hay ha ha ha man, hey fa dery, &c.*

Exeunt

A Table and a Chaire couered with Blacke.

Lucrece and her Maide.

Luc: Mirable.
Maid. Madam.
Luc. Is not my father old *Lucretius* come yet?
Maid. Not yet.
Luc. Nor any from the Campe?
Maid. Neither Madam.
Luc: Go, begone, and leaue me to the trueſt griefe of heart,
That euer entred any Matrons breſt: Oh!
Maid. Why weepe you Lady? alas why do you ſtaine
Your modeſt cheekes with theſe offenſiue teares?

Luc. Nothing, nay, nothing: oh you powerfull Gods,
That should haue Angels guardents on your throane.
To protect innocence and chastitie! oh why
Suffer you such inhumane massacre
On harmeles vertue? wherefore take you charge,
On sinles soules to see them wounded thus
With Rape or violence? or giue white innocence,
Armor of proofe gainst sinne: or by oppression
Kill vertue quite, & guerdon base transgression?
Is it my fate aboue all other women?
Or is it my sinne more hainous then the rest,
That amongst Thousands, millions, infinites,
I, onely I, should to this shame be borne,
To be a staine to women, natures scorne? oh!

Maid. What ailes you Madam, truth you make me weep,
To see you shead salt teares: what hath oppress you?
Why is your chamber hung with mourning blacke?
Your habit sable and your eies thus swolne
With ominous teares, alas what troubles you?

Luc. I am not sad, thou didst deceiue thy selfe,
I did not weepe, theres nothing troubles me,
But wherefore dost thou blush?

Maid. Madam not I.

Lu. Indeed thou didst, & in that blush my gilt thou didst betray
How camst thou by the notice of my sinne?

Maid. What sinne?

Luc. My blot, my scandall, and my shame:
Oh *Tarquin*, thou my honour didst betray,
Disgrace: no time, no age can wipe away, oh!

Maid. Sweet Lady cheare your selfe, Ile fetch my Violl,
And see if I can sing you fast asleepe,
A little rest would weare away this passion.

Luc. Doe what thou wilt, I can command no more
Being no more a woman, I am now
Deuote to death, and an inhabitant
Of th'other world: these eyes must euer weepe
Till fate hath closd them with eternall sleepe:

Enter

Enter Brutus, Collatine, Horatius, Scenola, Valerius one way, Lucretius another way.

Luc. Brutus!
Bru. Lucretius!
Luc. Father!
Col. Lucrece!
Luc. Collatine!
Bru. How cheare you Madam? how ist with you couſen?
Why is your eie deiect and drown'd in ſorrow?
Why is this funerall black, and ornaments
Of widdow-hood? reſolue me couſen *Lucrece*.
Hor. How fare you Lady?
Old Luc. What's the matter girle?
Col. Why how is't with you *Lucrece*, tell me ſweete?
Why dooſt thou hide thy face? and with thy hand
Darken thoſe eies that were my Sonnes of ioy,
To make my pleaſures floriſh in the Spring?
Luc. Oh me!
Val. Whence are theſe ſighes and teares?
Sce. How growes this paſſion?
Bru. Speake Lady you are hem'd in with your friends,
Guirt in a pale of ſafety, and enuirond
and cirkled in a forteresſe of your kindred,
Let not thoſe drops fall fruiteles to the ground,
Nor let your ſighes adto the senceleſſe wind.
Speake, who hath wrongd you?
Luc. Ere I ſpeake my woe,
Sweare youle reuenge poore *Lucrece* on her foe.
Bru. Be his head atcht with gold.
Hor. Be his hand armd with an imperiall Scepter.
Old Luc. Be he great as *Tarquin*, throand in an imperiall ſeat.
Bru. Be he no more then mortall, he ſhall feele
The vengefull edge of this victorious ſteele.
Luc. Then ſeate you Lords, whilſt I expoſe my wrong.
Father, deere husband, and my kinſmen, Lords
Heare me, I am diſhonour'd and diſgrac'd,

My reputation mangled, my renown
diſparaged, but my bodie, oh my bodie.

Col. What *Lucrece?*

Luc. Staind, polluted, and defild.
Strange ſteps are found in my adulterate bed,
And though my thoughts be white as innocence,
Yet is my bodie ſoild with luſt-burnd ſinne,
And by a ſtranger I am ſtrumpeted, (Matrons.
Rauiſht, inforc'd, & am no more to rank among the Roman

Br. Yet cheere you Lady, and reſtraine theſe teares,
If you were forc'd the ſin concernes not you, (Rauiſher?
A woman's born but with a womans ſtrength: who was the

Hor. I, name him Lady, our loue to you ſhall onely thus appeare, in the reuenge that we will take on him.

Lu. I hope ſo Lords, 'twas *Sextus* the kings Sonne.

Omnes. How? *Sextus Tarquin!*

Luc. That vnprincely Prince, who gueſt-wiſe entred with my husbands Ring,
This Ring, oh *Collatine!* this Ring you ſent
Is cauſe of all my woe, your diſcontent.
I feaſted him, then lodg'd him, and beſtowde
The choiſeſt welcome, but in dead of night
My traiterous gueſt came arm'd vnto my bed,
Frighted my ſilent ſleepe, threatned, and praid
For entertainment: I deſpiſed both.
Which hearing, his ſharp pointed Semitar
The Tyrant bent againſt my naked breſt,
Alas, I begd my death, but note his tyranny,
He brought with him a torment worſe then death,
For hauing murdred me, he ſwore to kill
One of my baſeſt Groomes, and lodge him dead
In my dead armes: then call in teſtimonie
Of my adulterie, to make me hated
Euen in my death, of husband, father, friends,
Of *Rome* and all the world: this, this, oh Princes, Rauiſht and kild me at once.

Col. Yet comfort Lady, I quit thy guilt, for what could *Lucrece* do more then a woman? hadſt thou dide polluted
By this baſe ſcandall, thou hadſt wrong'd thy fame:

And hindred vs of a moſt iuſt reuenge.

All. What ſhall we doe Lords?

Bru. Lay your reſolute hands vpon the ſword of *Brutus*,
Vow & ſweare, as you hope meed for merrit from the Gods,
Or feare reward for ſinne, from deuils below:
As you are Romans, and eſteeme your fame
More then your liues, all humorous toyes ſet off,
Of madding, ſinging, ſmilings, and what elſe,
Receiue your natiue valours, be your ſelues,
And ioine with *Brutus* in the iuſt reuenge
Of this chaſte rauiſht Lady, ſweare *All.* We doe.

Luc. Then with your humors heere my griefe ends too,
My ſtaine I thus wipe off, call in my ſighes,
And in the hope of this reuenge, forbeare
Euen to my death to fall one paſſionate teare.
Yet Lords, that you may crowne my innocence
With your beſt thoughts, that you may henceforth know,
We are the ſame in heart we ſeeme in ſhow.
And though I quit my ſoule of all ſuch ſin, *The Lords whiſper*
Ile not debarre my body puniſhment:
Let all the world, learne of a Roman dame,
To priſe her life leſſe then her honord fame. *Kils her ſelfe.*

Lucr. Lucrece.

Coll. Wife.

Bru. Lady.

Sceu. She hath ſlaine her ſelfe.

Vale. Oh ſee yet Lords if there be hope of life,

Bru. Shees dead, then turne your funerall teares to fire and indignation, let vs now redeeme
Our miſſpent time, and ouer take our ſlouth
With hoſtile expedition, this great Lords,
This bloody knife, on which her chaſt blood flowed,
Shall not from *Brutus* till ſome ſtrange reuenge fall on the heads of *Tarquins*.

Hor. Nowe's the time to call their pride to compt,
Brutus lead on, Weele follow thee to their confuſion.

Vale. By *Ioue* we will, the ſprightfull youth of *Rome*
Trickt vp in plumed harneſſe ſhall attend

The march of *Brutus*, whom wee here create our Generall
against the *Tarquins*.
Sceu. Bee it so.
Bru. We embrace it: now to stir the wrath of Rome,
You, *Collatine* and good *Lucretius*,
With eyes yet drown'd in teares, beare that chaste body
Into the market place: that horridobiect,
Shall kindle them with a most iust reuenge.
Hor. To see the father and the husband mourne
Ore this chaste Dame, that haue so well deseu'd
Of Rome and them, then to infer the pride,
The wrongs and the perpetuall tyranny
Of all the *Tarquins*, *Seruius*, *Tullins* death,
And his vnnaturall vsage by that Monster (reuenge.
Tullia the Quene, all these shall well concurre in a combind
Bru. Lucrece, thy death weele mourne in glittering armes
and plumed caskes: some beare that reuerend loade,
Vnto the *Forum* where our force shall meete
To set vppon the pallas, and expell
This viperous broode from Rome: I know the people
Will gladly imbrace our fortunes: *Sceuola*,
Goe you and muster powers in *Brutus* name.
Valerius, you assist him instantly, (course
and to the mazed people freely speake the cause of this con-
Val. We goe. *Exeunt. Val. & Sceu.*
Bru. And you deare Lord, whose speechles grief is boundles
Turne all your teares with ours, to wrath and rage,
The harts of all the *Tarquins* shall weep blood
Vpon the funerall Hearse, with whose chast body,
Honor your armes, and to th'assembled people,
Disclose her innocent woundes: Gramercies Lords,
A great shout and a florish with drums & Trumpets,
That vniuersall shout tels me their words
are gratious with the people, and their troopes
are ready imbatteld, and expect but vs,
To lead their troopes, *Ioue* giue our fortunes speed.
Weele murder, murder, and base rape shall bleed.

Alarum

Alarum, Enter in the fight Tarquin and Tullia flying, pursude by Brutus, and the Romans march with drum and Colors, Porsenna, Arnus, Sextus Tarquin, & Tullia meets and joynes with them: To them Brutus & the Romans with drum and soldiers: they make a stand.

Bru. Euen thus farre Tyrant haue we dogd thy steps
Frighting thy Queene and thee with horrid steele:
Tar. Lodg'd in the safetie of *Porsennaes* armes,
Now Traytor *Brutus* we dare front thy pride:
Hor. *Porsenna* th'art vnworthy of a scepter,
To shelter pride, lust, rape, and tyrannie,
In that proud Prince and his confederate Peeres.
Sex. Traytors to heauen: to *Tarquin*, Roome and vs,
Treason to Kings, doth stretch euen to the Gods,
And those high Gods that take great Rome in charge,
shall punish your rebellion.
Col. Oh Deuill *Sextus* speake not thou of Gods,
Nor cast those false and fained eies to heauen,
Whose rape the furies must torment in Hell, *of Luc. Lucrece*
Sce. Her chast blood stil cries for vengeance to the Etherial
Luc. Oh twas a foule deed *Sextus*, (deities.
Val. And thy shame shalbe eternall and o ut liue her fame.
Arn. Say *Sextus* lou'd her, was she not a woman,
I, and perhaps was willing to be forc'd,
Must you being priuat subiects dare to Ring
Warres loud alarum gainst your potent King?
Por. *Brutus* therein thou dost forget thy selfe,
And wrongst the glory of thine Ancestors, staying thy blood with Treason.
Bru. *Tuscan* know the Consull *Brutus* is their powerfull foe.
All Tarquin. Consull.
Hor. I consull and the powerfull hand of Rome
Graspes his imperiall sword: the name of King
The Tyrant *Tarquins* haue made odious
Vnto this nation, and the generall knee
Of this our warlike people, now low bends,
To royall *Brutus* where the Kings name ends.
Bru. Now *Sextus* wher's the Oracle, when I kist

My

My Mother earth it plainely did foretell,
My Noble vertues did thy sinne exceed,
Brutus should sway, and lust-burnt *Tarquin* bleed.
Val. Now shall the blood of *Servius*, fall as heauie
As a huge mountaine on your Tyrant heads, orewhelming
all your glorie.
Hor. Tullia's guilt shall be by vs reuenged, that in her pride
In blood paternall, her rough coach-wheeles di'd.
Luc: Your Tyrannies:
Ser. Pride.
Col. And my *Lucrece* fate, shall all be swallowed in this
hostile hate.
Sex. Oh *Romulus*, thou that first reard yon walles,
In sight of which we stand in thy soft bosome,
Is hang'd, the nest in which the *Tarquins* build,
Which in the branches of thy lofty spires,
Tarquin shall pearch, or where he once hath stood,
His high built airy shall be drown'd in blood,
Alarum then, *Brutus* by heauen I vow,
My sword shall proue thou nere wast mad till now.
Bru. *Sextus*, my madnes with your lines expires,
Thy sensuall eies are fixt vpon that wall,
Thou nere shall enter, Rome confines you all.
Por. A charge then,
Tar. Ioue and Tarquin.
Hor. But we crie a *Brutus*.
Bru. *Lucrece*, force and victorie.
Alarum, The Romanes are beaten off.
Alarum. Enter Brutus, Horatius, Valerius, Scenola,
Lucretius and Collatine.
Bru. Thou *Iouiall* hand hould vp thy Scepter high,
And let not iustice be oppresst with pride,
Oh you *Penates* leaue not Rome and vs,
Grapt in the purple hands of death and ruine, the *Tarquins*
haue the best.
Hor. Yet stand, my foote is fixt vpon this bridge Tyber,
Thy arched streames shall be chang'd crimson, with
Roman

Roman blood before I budge from hence.

Sce. *Brutus* retire, for if thou enter Rome
We are all lost, stand not on valor now,
But saue thy people, lets survive this day,
To trie the fortunes of another field.

Val. Breake downe the Bridge least the pursuing enemy
Enter with vs and take the spoile of *Rome*.

Hor. Then breake behinde me, for by heauen ile grow
And roote my foote as deepe as to the center, before I leaue
this passage. *Luc.* Come your mad.

Col. The foe comes on, and we in trifling heere, hazard
our selfe and people.

Hor. Saue them all, to make *Rome* stand, *Ho.* here will fall.

Bru. We would not loose thee, doe not prest thy selfe
Mongst thousands, if thou frontst them, thou art wingd
With million of swords and darts, and we behind
Must breake the Bridge of *Tyber* to saue *Rome*,
Before thee jnfinite gaze on thy face,
And menace death, the raging streames of *Tyber* are at thy
backe to swallow thee.

Hor. Retire to make *Rome* liue, tis death that I desire.

Bru. Then farwell dead *Horatius*, thinke in vs
The vniuersall arme of Potent *Rome*
Takes his last leaue of thee in this embrace. *All imbrace him.*

Hor. Farwell. *All.* Farwell.

Bru. These arches all must downe to interdict their
passage through the towne. *Exeunt.*

Alarum, Enter Tarquin, Porsenna, and Arnus with their pikes and Targeters.

All. Enter, enter, enter. *A noise of knocking downe the bridge*

Hor. Soft *Tarquin*, see a bulwarke to the bridge. *(within.*
You first must passe, the man that enters heere
Must make his passage through *Horatius* brest,
See with this Target doe I buckler *Rome*, (kings.
And with this sword defie the puissant army of two great

Por. One man to face an host!
Charge soldiers, of full forty thousand Romans
Theres but one daring hand against your host.

To keep you from the sacke or spoile of *Rome*, charg, charg,
Arnus. Vpon them Souldiers, *Alarum.* *Alarum.*
Enter in seuerall places, Sextus and Valerius aboue.
Sext. Oh cowards, slaues, and vassals, what not enter?
Was it for this you plac'd my regiment
Vpon a hill, to be the sad spectator
Of such a generall cowardise? *Tarquin, Arnus,*
Porsenna, souldiers, passe, *Horatius* quickly,
For they behind him will deuolue the bridge,
And raging *Tyber* that's impassible,
Your hoast must swim before you conquer *Rome.*
Val. Yet stand *Horatius*, beare but one brunt more,
The arched bridge shall sinke vpon his piles.
And in his fall lift thy renowne to heauen.
Sex. Yet enter. (full hand
Val. Deare *Horatius*, yet stand & saue a million by one power-
Alarum and the falling of the Bridge.
Arnus and all. Charge, charge, charge.
Ser. Degenerate slaues, the bridge is falne, Rome's lost.
Vale. Horatius thou art stronger then their hoast,
Thy strength is valour, theirs are idle braues,
Now saue thy selfe, and leap into the waues.
Hor. Porsenna, Tarquin, now wade past your depths
And enter *Rome*, I feele my bodie sinke
Beneath my pondrous waight, *Rome* is preseru'd,
And now farwell: for he that followes me
Must search the bottome of this raging streame,
Fame with thy golden wings renowne my crest,
And *Tyber* take me on thy siluer breast. *Exit.*
Por. Hee's leapt off from the bridge and drownd himselfe.
Ser. You are deceiu'd his spirit soares too hie
To be choakt in with the base element
Of water, loe he swims armd as he was,
Whilest all the army haue discharged their arrowes,
Of which the shield vpon his backe sticke full.
Shout and flourish.
And harke the shoute of all the multitude
Now welcomes him a land, *Horatius* fame.

Hath

Hath chekt our armies with a generall ſhame,
But come, to morrowes fortune muſt reſtore,
This ſcandall, which I of the Gods implore.
Por. Then we muſt find another time faire Prince,
To ſcourge theſe people, and reuenge your wrongs.
For this night ile betake me to my tent.

A Table and lights in the tent.

Tarq: And we to ours, to morrowe we will renowne
Our army with the ſpoile of this Rich-towne.

Exit Tarquin cum ſuis. *Enter Secretarie.*

Porſ. Our Secretary.
Secret. My Lord.
Porſ. Command lights and torches in our tents.

Enter Souldiers with torches.

And let a Guard ingirt our ſafety round,
Whileſt wee debate of Military buſines: come, ſit and lets conſult.

Enter Scenola diſguiſed.

Scen: *Horatius*, famous for defending Rome.
But we ha done nought worthy *Scenola*,
Nor of a Roman, I in this diſguiſe
Haue paſt the army and the puiſſant guard
Of king *Porſenna:* this ſhould be his tent:
And in good time, now fate direct my ſtrength
Againſt a King, to free great Rome at length.
Secret. Oh I am ſlaine, treaſon, treaſon.
Porſ. Villaine what haſt thou done?
Scen. Why ſlaine the king.
Porſ. What King?
Scen. *Porſenna.*
Porſe. *Porſenna* liues to ſee thee tortured,
With plagues more diuilliſh then the plague of hell.
Scen. Oh too raſh *Mutius*, haſt thou miſte thy aime?
And thou baſe hand that didſt direct my poniard
Againſt a peaſants breſt, behold thy errour
Thus I will puniſh: I will giue thee freely
Vnto the fire, nor will I weare a limbe,
That with ſuch raſhnes ſhall offend his Lord.

Por. What will the madman doe?
Sceu. *Porſenna* ſo, puniſh my hand thus, for not killing thee.
Three Hundred noble lads beſide my ſelfe
Haue vow'd to all the Gods that Patron Rome,
Thy ruine for ſupporting tyrannie:
And though I faile, expect yet euerie houre,
When ſome ſtrange fate thy fortunes will deuoure.
Por. Stay Roman, we admire thy conſtancie,
And ſcorne of fortune, goe returne to Rome,
We giue thee life, and ſay the King *Porſenna*,
Whoſe life thou ſeek'ſt is in this honorable
Paſſe freely, gard him to the walles of Rome,
And were we not ſo much ingadge to *Tarquin*,
Wee would not lift a hand againſt that nation that breeds
ſuch noble ſpirits. *Exit.*
Sceu. Well I goe, and forr euenge take lifeeuen of my foe.
Porſ. Conduct him ſafely, what 300. Gallants
Sworne to our death, and all reſolu'd like him!
Weele proue for *Tarquin*, if they faile our hopes,
Peace ſhalbe made with Rome, but firſt our ſecretary
Shall haue his rights of Funerall, then our ſhield
We muſt addreſſe next for to morrowes field. *Exit.*

Enter Brutus, Horatius, Valerius, Collatine, Lucretius Marching.

Bru. By thee we are conſull, and ſtill gouerne Rome,
Which but for thee, had bin diſpoild and tane,
Made a confuſed heape of men and ſtones,
Swimming in bloud and ſlaughter, deare *Horatius*
Thy noble picture ſhalbe caru'd in braſſe,
And fixt for thy perpetuall memory in our high Capitoll.
Horat. Great Conſull Thankes, but leauing this, lets
March out of the Cittie.
And once more bid them battell on the plaines.
Val. This day my ſoule diuines we ſhall liue free
From all the furious *Tarquins*: but where's *Sceuola*? we ſe not
him to day. *Enter Sceuola.*
Here Lords behold me handleſſe as you ſee.

The

The cauſe I miſt *Porſenna* in his tent,
And in his ſtead kild but his ſecretary.
The mazed King when he beheld me puniſh
My raſh miſtake, with loſſe of my right hand,
Vnbegd and almoſt ſcornd he gaue me life,
Which I had then refuſ'd, but in deſire to venge faire *Lucrece* Rape. (*Soft alarum.*

Hor. Deare *Steuola* thou haſt exceeded vs in our reſolue,
But will the *Tarquins* giue vs preſent battell?

Sceu. That may ye heare, the Skirmiſh is begun already twixt the horſe.

Luc. Then noble conſull leade our maine battell on.

Bru. Oh *Ioue* this day ballance our cauſe, & let the innocent bloud, The heads of all the *Tarquins*, ſee this day
In her cauſe do we conſecrate our liues.
And in defence of Iuſtice now march on:
I heare their Martiall muſique, be our ſhock
As terrible as are the meeting clowdes
That breake in thunder, yet our hopes are faire,
And this rough charge ſhall all our hopes repaire.

Exeunt, Alarum, battell within.

Enter Porſenna and Arnus.

Porſenna. Yet grow out lofty plumes vnflagd with bloud,
And yet ſweet pleaſure wantons in the aire: How goes the battell *Arnus*?

Arn. T'is euen ballanſt, I enterchang'd with *Brutus* hand to hand, a dangerous encounter both are wounded & had not the rude preaſe diuided vs, one had dropt downe to earth.

Por. Twas brauely fought, I ſaw the King your father free his perſon from Thouſand Romans that begirt his ſtate, where flying arrowes thick as attoms ſung about his eares.

Arn. I hope a glorious day, come *Tuskan King*, lets on the.

Alarum, Enter Horatius and Valerius. (bloud

Hor. *Arnus* ſtay, that ſword that late did drinke the Conſuls
Muſt with his keene phange tire vpon my fleſh, or this on thine. *Arnus.* It ſparde the Conſuls life to end thy dayes in a more glorious ſtriſe.

Vale. I ſtand againſt thee *Tuſcan.*

Porſ. I for thee.

Hora: Where ere I find a *Tarquin*, he's for me.

Alarum, fight, Arnus ſlaine, Porſenna Expulſt,

Alarum, Enter Tarquin with an arrow in his breſt, Tullia with him, purſude by Collatine, Lucretius, Scevola.

Tar. Faire *Tullia* leaue me, ſaue thy life by flight,
Since mine is deſperate, behold I am wounded
Euen to the death, there ſtaies within my tent
A winged Iennet, mount his back and fly,
Liue to reuenge my death ſince I muſt dy.

Tul. Had I the hart to treade vpon the bulke
Of my dead father, and to ſee him ſlaughtered,
Onely for loue of *Tarquin* and a crowne,
And ſhall I feare death more then loſſe of both?
No this is *Tulliaes* fame, rather then fly
From *Tarquin*, mongſt a Thouſands ſwords ſheel dye.

All. Hew them to peeces both.

Tarq. My *Tullia* ſaue, and ore my caitiue head thoſe meteors waue.

Coll. Let *Tullia* yeeld then.

Tul. Yeeld me, cuckold no, mercy I ſcorne, let me the danger know. *Scev.* Vpon them then.

Tull. Lets bring them to their fate,
And let them periſh in the peoples hate.

Luc. Feare not Ile backe thee huſband.

Tar. But for thee, ſweet were the hand that this chargd ſoule could free.
Life I deſpiſe, let noble *Sextus* ſtand
To auenge our death, euen till theſe vitals end,
Scorning my owne, this life will I defend.

Tull. And Ile ſweete *Tarquin* to my power guard thine,
Come on you ſlaues and make this earth divine.

Alarum, Tarquin and Tullia ſlaine.

Alarum, Brutus all bloody.

Bru. *Arnus* this crimſon fauor for thy ſake,
Ile weare vpon my forehead maſkt with blood,
Till all the moyſtures in the *Tarquins* veines

Be ſpilt vpon the earth, and leaue thy body
As dry as the parcht ſummer, burnt and ſcorcht with
the canicular ſtarres. (his head.
Hor. *Arnus* lies dead by this bright ſword that towr'd about
Col. And ſee great Conſull, where the pride of *Rome* lies ſunke and fallen.
Vale. Beſides him lies the Queene mangled and hewd amongſt the Roman ſoldiers.
Hor. Lift vp their ſlaughtered bodies, help to reare them againſt this hill in view of all the Camp.
This ſight wilbe a terror to the foe, & make them yeild or fly
Bru. But wher's the rauiſher, iniurious *Sextus* that we ſee not him?

Short Alarum, Enter Sextus. (ſteedes

Sex. Through broken ſpeares, crackt ſwords, vnboweld
Flaude armors, mangled limbes, and battered casks,
Knee deepe in blood, I ha pierſt the Roman hoaſt to be my
fathers reſcue. (hate
Hor. Tis too late, his mounting prid's ſunk in the peoples
Sex. My Father, Mother, Brother, fortune now,
I doe defie thee, I expoſe my ſelfe
To horride danger, ſafety I deſpiſe,
I dare the worſt of perill, I am bound:
On till this pile of fleſh be all on wound.
Vale. Begirt him Lords, this is the rauiſher,
Theres no reuenge for *Lucrece* till he fall:
Lu. Ceaſe *Sextus* then:
Sex. *Sextus* defies you all, yet will you giue me language
Bru. Say on. (ere I die.
Sex. Tis not for mercie, for I ſcorne that life
Thats giuen by any, and the more to adde
To your immence vnmeaſurable hate,
I was the ſpur vnto my Fathers pride,
Twas I that awd the Princes of the Land,
That made thee *Brutus* mad, theſe diſcontent,
I rauiſht the chaſte *Lucrece*, *Sextus* I,
Thy daughter, and thy wife, *Brutus* thy couſen,
All ide indeed to all, twas for my Rape,

Her

Her constant hand ript vp her innocent brest, twas *Sextus* did all this.

Col. Which ile reuenge.

Hor. Leaue that to me.

Luc. Old as I am Ile doo't.

Sce. I haue one hand left yet of strength, inough to kill a raui∫her.

Sex. Come all at once: I all, yet heere me *Brutus*, thou art honorable.
And my words tend to thee: my father dide
By many hands: what's he mongst you can chaleng
The leaſt, I ſmalleſt honour in his death?
If I be kild among this hoſtile throng,
The pooreſt ſnakie ſoldier well may claime
As much renowne in Royall *Sextus* death,
As *Brutus*, thou, or thou *Horatius*.
I am to dye, and more then die I cannot,
Rob not your ſelues of honour in my death,
When the two mightieſt ſpirits of *Greece* and *Troy*,
Tugd for the maſtrie, *Hector* and *Achilles*,
Had puiſſant *Hector* by *Achilles* hand,
Dide in a ſingle monomachie, *Achilles*
Had been the worthy: but being ſlaine by ods,
The pooreſt *Mirmydon* had as much honour
As faint *Achilles* in the *Trouans* death.

Bru. Had∫t thou not done a deed ſo execrable
That Gods and men abhorre, ide loue thee *Sextus*,
And hug thee for this chalenge breath'd ſo freely:
Behold, I ſtand for *Rome* as Generall,
Thou of the *Tarquins* doo∫t alone ſuruiue,
The head of all theſe garboyles, the chiefe actor
Of that blacke ſin, which we chaſtize by armes.
Braue Romans with bright ſwords be our liſts,
And ring vs in, none dare to offend the Prince
By the leaſt touch, leaſt he incurre our wrath:
This honour do your Conſull, that his hand
May puniſh this arch-miſchiefe, that the times
Succeding may of *Brutus* thus much tell.

By

By him pride, lust, and all the *Tarquins* fell.

Sex. To rauish *Lucrece*, cuckold *Collatine*,
And spill the chastest blood that euer ran
In any matrons vaines, repents me not
So much as to ha wrong'd a gentleman
So noble as the Consull in this strife:
Brutus be bould, thou fightst with one scornes life.

Bru. And thou with one that lesse then his renowne
Priseth his blood or *Romes* imperiall Crowne.

Alarum, a fierce fight with sword and Target, then after pause and breath.

Bru. *Sextus* stand faire, much honour shall I winne
To reuenge *Lucrece*, and chastise thy sinne.

Sex. I repent nothing, may I liue or die,
Though my blood fall, my spirit shall mount on hie.

Alarum, fight with single swords, and being dead wounded and pausing for breath making a stroke at each together with their gantlets, they fall.

Hora. Both slaine! oh noble *Brutus* this thy fame
To after ages shall suruiue : thy body
Shall haue a faire and gorgious Sepulchre,
For whom the matrons shall in funerall black
Mourne twelue sad moones: thou that first gouern'd *Rome*,
And swaid the people by a Consuls name.
These bodies of the *Tarquins* weele commit
Vnto the funerall pile : you *Collatine*
Shall succeed *Brutus*, in the Consuls place,
Whom with this Lawrel wreath we here Create

Crowne him with a Lawrel.

Such is the peoples voice, accept it then.

Col. We doe, and may our power so iust appeare,
Rome may haue peace, both with our loue and feare.
But soft, what march is this?

Flourish, Porsenna, drum, Collatine and Souldiers.

Por. The *Tuskan* King, seeing the *Tarquins* slaine,
Thus arm'd and battelled offers peace to *Rome*.
To confirme which, we'le giue you present hostage,
If you deny, wele stand vpon our guard,

And by the force of armes, maintaine our owne.

Vale. After so much effusion, and large waste
Of Roman bloud, the name of peace is welcome,
Since of the *Tarquins* none remaine in *Rome*,
And *Lucrece* Rape is now reueng'd at full,
T'were good to entertaine *Porsennaes* league.

Colla. *Porsenna* we embrace, whose Royall presence
Shall grace the Consull to the funerall pile.
March on to *Rome*, *Hee* be our guard and guide,
That hath in vs veng'd Rape, and punisht Pride.

Exeunt.

To the Reader.

Because we would not that any mans expectation should be deceiued in the ample printing of this Booke. Lo (Gentle Reader) we haue inserted these few songs, which were added by the stranger that lately acted VALERIVS his part in forme following.

The Cries of ROME.

Thus goe the cries in Romes faire towne,
First they go vp street and then they go down.
Round and sound all of a colour,
Buy a very fine marking stone, marking stone,
Round and sound all of a colour,
Buy a very fine marking stone a very very fine.
Thus go the cries in Romes faire towne,
First they go up street and then they go downe.
Bread and — meat — bread and meat
For the — ten — der — mercy of God, to the
poore pri — ners of Newgate, fiue.
foure and ten — poore — prisners.
Thus goe the cries in Romes faire towne,
First they go vp street and then they go down.
Salt — salt — white wor — ster — shire — salt,
Thus go the cries in Romes faire towne,
First they go vp street and then they go downe.
Buy a very fine mouse trap or a tormenter
For your fleaes.
Thus go the cries in Romes faire towne,
First they go vp street and then they go downe.
Kitchinstuffe maides,
Thus go the cries, &c.
Tha white radish, white
Hard Letice, white young Onyons,
Thus goe the cries, &c.

I ha rocke Sampier rocke Sampier.
Thus goe the cries, &c.
Buy a mat a mil mat,
Mat or a hasocke for your pew.
A stopple for your close stoole,
Or a pesocke to thrust your feet in
Thus goe the cries &c.
Whiting maids whiting
Thus goe the cries &c.
Hot fine Oat-cakes hot,
Thus goe the cries &c.
Small coales heere,
Thus goe the cries, &c.
Will you buy any milke too day,
Thus goe the cries
Lanthorne and candle light heere
Maid ho light heere,
Thus goe the cries &c.
Heere lies a company of very poore
Women in the darke dungeon,
Hungry, cold and comfortles night and day:
Pittie the poore women in the drake dungeon
Thus goes the cries where they do house them,
First they come to the grate, and then
They goe to louse them.

The second Song.

Ariſe, ariſe my Iuggie my Puggie,
ariſe get vp my deere,
The weather is cold, it blowes, it ſnowes,
oh let me be lodged heere:
My Iuggie, my Puggie, my honnie, my connie,
my loue, my doue, my deare,
Oh, oh, the weather is cold, it blowes, it ſnowes,
oh oh, let me be lodged heere.

Begone, begone, my willie my billie,
begone, begone my deere,
The weather is warme, twill doe thee no harme,
thou canſt not be lodged heere.
My willie, my billie, my honnie my connie,
my loue, my doue, my deare,
Oh, oh, the weather is warme, twill doe thee no harme,
oh oh, thou canſt not be lodged heere.

Farwell farwell my Iuggie my Puggy
farwell, farwell my deere,
Then will I begone from whence that I came
if I cannot be lodged heere,
My Iuggie my Puggie my honnie my connie,
my loue, my doue, my deere,
Oh, ho, then will I begone, from whence that I came,
oh oh, if I cannot be lodged heere.

Returue returne, my willie my billie,
returne my doue, and my deere,
The weather does change, then ſeeme not ſtrange,
thou ſhalt be lodged heere:
My willie my billie my honnie my connie,
my loue, my doue, my deare,
Oh oh, the weather does change, then ſeeme not ſtrange,
oh oh, and thou ſhalt be lodged heere.

FINIS.